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Vol. CLVII No. 2049 WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC APRIL 29 1939

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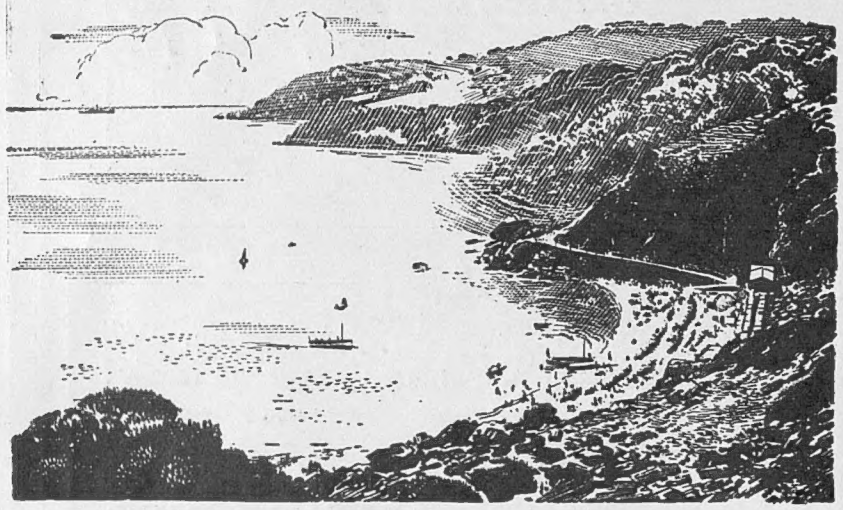

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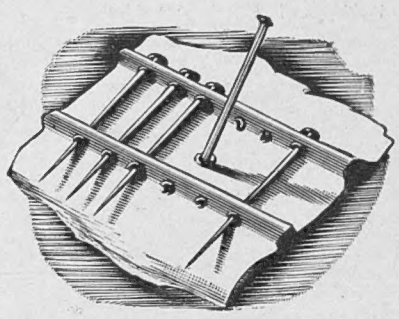

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Volume CLVII No. 2049

THE SPHERE

With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"

The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

London, April 29, 1939

SIR JOHN'S REARMAMENT BUDGET

The Chancellor of the Exchequer and Lady Simon Pictured Before the Announcement of the New Taxes

With the demands of rearmament more than ever insistent, no one expected a Budget of pleasant surprises. Indeed, fresh imposts were a certainty and as Sir John Simon rightly said last Tuesday: "The country is thoroughly aroused to further sacrifice. The whole of our contemporary public finance is governed and conditioned by our defence expenses. It is this cruel necessity which transforms our Budget, increases our borrowing, and makes it necessary to shoulder grievous burdens." Though the Chancellor was able to announce that income tax would remain unchanged, he had no option but to impose a long list of heavy increases in order to help bridge the £50,000,000 gap between revenue and expenditure. The tax on private cars has had to go up from 15s. to 25s. per h.p.; tobacco duty has been raised from 9s. 6d. to 11s. 6d. per lb.; sugar tax is increased by ¼d. per lb.; while death duties rocket to new high levels. On the face of it, it is far from cheering, with 25 per cent. of the national income being taken in taxation of one kind or another, but, as ever, the country shoulders the burden, mildly expostulates, and carries on

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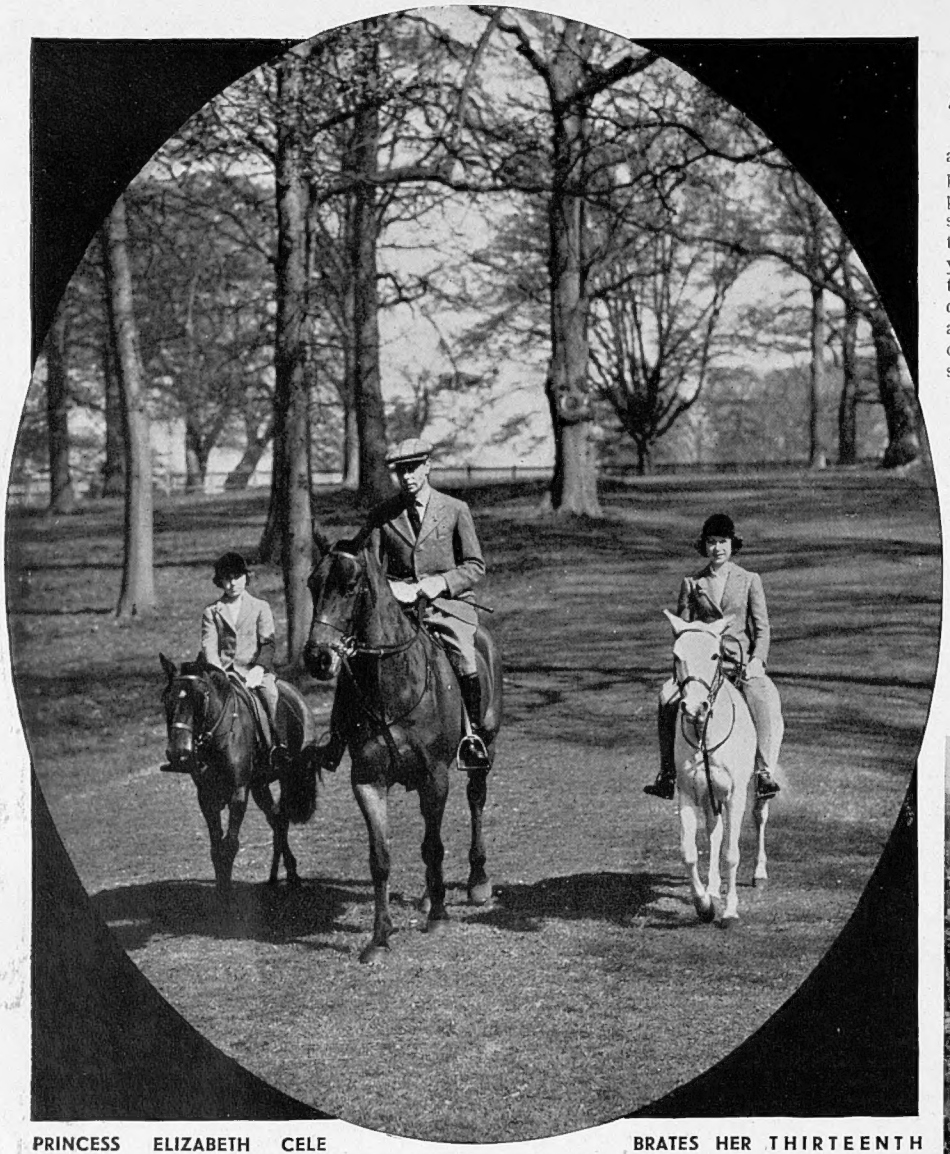
A LONDON NEWS



PRINCESS ELIZABETH CELEBRATES HER THIRTEENTH BIRTHDAY by riding with King George and Princess Margaret in Windsor Great Park. Among the presents she received was a diamond-studded bracelet from the King, a new riding habit from the Queen, and one of the latest types of cine-camera from the Duke of Windsor. Two big events of the day were the tea party and a special cinema entertainment

32-34 ST. BRIDE STREET, E.C.4
Wednesday, April 26, 1939.

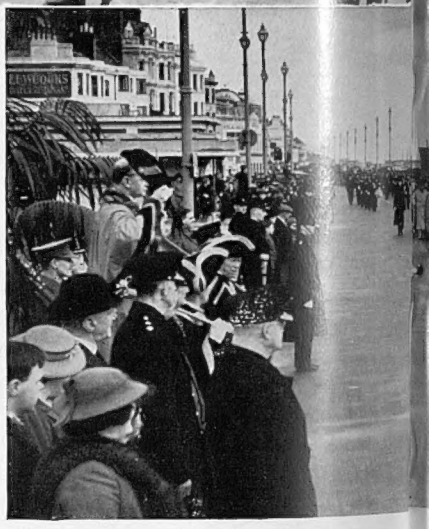
HOPE ON.—I know nothing. Who does? Subject to that admission: I do not believe even now in the inevitability of war. Every day that passes reduces its probability by a fraction. In the end the will of the majority prevails even in Babel. In the end the truth triumphs and lies are nailed down. We know it already to be impossible that the dictators can give a simple assent to the president's question. But I do not believe our action in pressing forward efforts for a front against aggression can contribute to that rejection. In so far as the peace *bloc*, as it gathers weight, is composed of nations joined solely for one purpose, to prevent or localise world war, it must be of inestimable value in preserving civilisation. A *bloc* formed from any motives less pure and less general would be a crime and a blunder. And, if world war comes, even then its direst results are not inevitable. There is more than one direction in which the revulsion of feelings among the nations at the sudden realisation of the hell and fury let loose might react to dam the tide before the last barriers were down. We should not abandon hope or lose faith or courage, or a sense of humour.

THE BOREDOM OF INSANITY.—Spring never came to Europe in lovelier guise; serene, blue days dawned, one after another, heralding hours of warm sunshine under which the young green and the blossoms unfolded in a riot of colour, never more dazzling. It is the sweet of the year, when life and hope are born again and colour and warmth return to the earth. The nations spent those days in a feverish preparation for world war. Man, born free, is everywhere in chains. The megalomania, the personal vanity, of one single individual enslaves the world in this last supreme nightmare of imbecility, and none of the vaunted triumphs of science in the improvement of communications avails to rally world opinion to enforce its unanimous desire for peace. One man toys with war. A thousand million pray to their gods for peace. One man—and his handful of hate-spitting satellites—is driving civilisation, like a herd of swine, over into the abyss. Science has made it possible for every tyrant to satisfy his personal lusts by the threat of mass murder, and to mould a nation to his will by propaganda. The serene smile of nature, the rebirth of hope, the return of spring from the underworld, is a hollow mockery, a hideous paradox. The golden hours serve only to remind us of what we have lost, of what only twenty years ago we suffered. Oddly enough, to those whose best active years were passed under the cloud of a world war, the memories of the bestiality and horrors of war faded first. Those of its futility and boredom remain vivid. Those old memories are very active to-day. The futility of muddled effort, the intolerable boredom induced by the enthusiasm and pride in their organising ability of those men and women who are the "salt of the earth" in war time, and will qualify for distinctions in the war-time honours lists. Above all, those superbly efficient "executive women"—the D.B.E.s of to-morrow—who are organising their frailer brothers and sisters and already appear to reveal how disappointed they will be if by any outside chance their elaborate preparations should never be put into effect. The horrors of war are too terrible to contemplate, but I rather think the most terrible of all is the crushing boredom superimposed on an existence of pure futility by those enthusiastic organisers, male and female, who expand like vampires in the enthusiasm of executive responsibility.

ST. GEORGE'S DAY.—St. George's Day is Britain's greatest anniversary, that is to say, purely national anniversary. It commemorates our patron saint, the birth and death of our greatest poet and citizen, and the supremest feat of arms of our navy. It falls in the gay springtime, when all the world is young and green and hope lifts her head, while hope still has life. "Merrie England" has a hollow sound to-day, when there is little in our daily lives that suggests lightness of heart or sweetness or hope or worthwhileness. Apart from political crisis and tragedy, we as a nation have done all too much to kill the thing we love. Thanks to muddle and divided authority, to private greed and public apathy, we have in the past decades done more than seemed possible twenty years ago to spoil our heritage. Twenty years back I had occasion to drive west across England on St. George's Day. It was an April day of dreams; one of those days in early spring which all poets try to paint for all time (and one in a thousand succeeds); and from every grey church tower, embowered in opening green leaves, flew bravely the red cross of St. George on a white field. It was a pilgrimage of pride and love and beauty, an unforgettable experience for an Englishman. It was for this our fathers fought and died, laboured and planned and sacrificed. And still to-day our purpose holds to save what we can of this glorious heritage from the wreck of civilisation and the frailty of human nature. Still with hope and new determination we pledge the immortal memory.

THE MEDITERRANEAN.—One day no doubt the secret history of April, 1939, will be disclosed. We have grown so used to telling the world and all our potential enemies exactly what precautions we propose to take, and where, that it caused us more than the usual anxiety to sense the mystery which during these last days surrounded happenings in the Mediterranean. There was a meritorious conspiracy of silence which the Press of course observed until the facts had leaked out through an unobserved hole. The democratic governments were of course fully informed of the nature of the threats and some of their announced precautions gave us a little light: e.g., American liners to the Far East decided to avoid the Mediterranean. And one by one, single pieces of information as to the massing of French and British ships in the Mediterranean, of special activities at Malta, the Suez Canal zone, Gibraltar and elsewhere, fitted into the jigsaw and made the picture grow. Naturally people put it down to the presence of the German warships off the coast of Spain, to the coincidence of Hitler's fiftieth birthday when an Axis gift of territory was indicated, and to further steps in the development of Italy's Balkan Empire, to the reinforcements in the Dodecanese, and to the Spanish resettlement. It may be the threat has passed in the new situation created by Roosevelt's questionnaire. We would assuredly prefer to have the inner history of these fears and precautions as of a crisis which passed away without breaking, than to have the knowledge burst on our heads in action; but we shall learn the truth soon with burning interest.

"GREENER IS APRIL, BOASTING OF THY BIRTH, MORE BLOSSOM'D MAY, BECAUSE SHE SWADDLED THEE!" Flags of all nations after they had been unfurled in Stratford-on-Avon's High Street during the celebrations last Saturday to mark Shakespeare's birthday. Following the unfurling there was the usual procession from the house in Henley Street, where the poet was born, past the school, where he may have learned his alphabet, to the church of Holy Trinity, where he lies buried



HASTINGS SHOWS THE WAY: The Mayor, Councillor E. M. Ford, lifting his hat in salute during the great parade on St. George's Day when all the various National Service units in the town took part. Some units carried banners showing the number of recruits required in order to bring them up to full strength

TUTANKHAMEN'S TRUMPETS.—Bandsman James Tappern of the 11th Hussars has not lived in vain. Last week in the Cairo Museum he blew fanfares on the silver and copper trumpets found in Tutankhamen's tomb. The strident notes he blew had not emerged from those trumpets for 3,200 years, and by all accounts they were sounds to awake the dead. Did the mummies stir? Drake's drum has a shorter history by far, but a more glorious. Perhaps it will be beaten again in the next few weeks, perhaps not. We confidently believe that the spirit which it is potent to evoke is neither dead nor sleeping while Englishmen watch for the new Armadas passing down the Channel.

LETTER: *By the Old Stager*

MACBETH, KING OF ALBANIA.—If one has sorrow to spare, one can offer it to King Victor Emmanuel. He bears his blushing honours thick upon him, but they were not of his seeking. "Glamis thou art, and Cawdor and shalt be king hereafter." King of Italy, Emperor of Abyssinia and Shah of all the Albanias (less the £4,000 gold reserve). These latter gifts and honours the witches (including the Fascist Lady Macbeth) have imposed on the reluctant man who wears the Crown of Italy.

"Upon my head they placed a fruitless crown
And put a barren sceptre in my gripe,
Thence to be wrenched by an unlineal hand,
No son of mine succeeding."

It is certain at least that the Crown Prince must welcome these added honours even less than his father and must detest the puppet crowns and barren sceptres thrust upon his Royal House. Well may that House dread the possibility that further unwanted and barren honours may be in the cornucopia or the dark mind of the arch witch.

CHINA HITS BACK.—Two years have gone by since Japan invaded China. A year ago her pundits declared that it was all over except the wrangling and mopping up. To-day a horde of Chinese guerrillas and regulars, apparently supplied with ammunition, are pressing the Japanese on a 1,200-mile front between Mongolia and Canton. They have regained much of Honan and are nearing Hankow. No doubt they will be severely punished and thrown back time and again. Against them are ranged a modern fighting machine with every modern death-dealing device. But clearly China is far from being defeated. The end is not near, as her wise professors and philosophers, who know the value of patience, have always maintained. When 3,000,000 men who can still obtain supplies of arms are fighting for a country whose huge size and geographical features practically deny conquest, and whose spirit is unconquerable, it is an optimistic enemy who counts the day of final victory near. China may yet bleed Japan white and teach a lesson to aggressors. Mr. Boothby, I believe, is soon going to Chungking, where no doubt he will see the Generalissimo. Perhaps he will bring us back some definite facts and figures on which to base our own estimates of the probabilities.

MOON IN ATLANTIC.—I seldom recommend a novel. Mr. Sherriff's *The Hopkins MS.* shall be an exception. It is a tale suitable for the times we live in. It is gripping and very amusing, and gives one to think. It is a bitter, ironical commentary on the mass lunacy of civilisation. The MS. is found in a bottle 1,000 years hence by the scientists of the Eastern civilisation which conquered and destroyed the Western. The writer is a last survivor of the population of Britain. The moon changed her course and fell with a bump into the Atlantic which she just about filled. A remnant of the population of Europe survived and began to rebuild a sane, clean world, in brotherly love. Then those damned scientists discovered that the moon was full of precious metals and raw materials of wealth. Instantly a quarrel began for the spoils among the European nations. As they clutched each other's throats, fighting for claims and corridors, the East stepped in and destroyed root and branch the Western civilisation. The terror of the moon's approach to the earth is convincingly described. The sanity of the period of reconstruction on golden age lines is a fine antithesis to the return of international lunacy when simple happiness in constructive work gives place to the mad rush after gold and gains once more. The book is a fine blend of bitter irony, quiet humour, and good story telling. Its gloomy lesson is that human nature does not change and human nature is in the main base. We are offered heaven, and mass frailty always rejects it, while individual sanity forever grasps at it.

LEARNERS.—Nothing struck me more about the traffic during and since Easter than the number of learners. In one stretch of 40 miles between Aust Ferry and Llandovery, the L sign was on one car in every three met or passed. This was something entirely new in my experience. The road was never crowded in this part of Wales—certainly the slowness of Aust Ferry, with its awkward exits and entrances and its long manœuvring against the Severn tide race would deter me from trying it again at holiday time. The roads were indeed pleasanter and the going quicker than on ordinary week days when lorries and town markets slow down progress. These learners were the gentry of the roads. They were serious students of the road code, took no liberties and, going slow, were always anxious to give the right of way to faster travellers. There was no danger from the learners. The pity is that so many car-drivers never graduated M.A. (roads) and so many who have graduated have swiftly forgotten all they learned.

VICTORIAN NOVELS.—If our tottering world survive these latest jolts, and for some time longer men of leisure and wealth can devote time and money to their hobbies, the old Victorian novels, stored on the shelves in many a country house—along the bedroom passages—may yet prove a gold-mine. The bibliophiles, I am told, are after them. As one who "revived" certain forgotten Victorian novels which had quite a success when republished, I made it my business to search and read among many such caches, and I know where many rich veins lie hid. Those three-volume novels by ladies of fashion which link Jane Austen with Rhoda Broughton—the long line of Miss Eden, Mrs. Gore, Lady Emily Ponsonby, Miss Ferrier, Mrs. Henry Wood (how good she was!). I know, too, many a cache of yellow backs with their advertisements for pills and ointment and macassar oils so prominently displayed. Then there are the pioneers of the crime novel of to-day, a link between "Monk" Lewis and Dorothy Sayers, the thrillers of Wilkie Collins and Le Fanu, still to-day supreme in their art. How many good copies exist, I wonder, of the first printing of *Uncle Silas*, or *The Moonstone*, or *The Woman in White*? The hard-pressed country squire should go through his shelves and see what he can bring to the market for bibliophiles who must satisfy their latest craving.

A.R.P.—OUR VILLAGE.—Under instruction from the R.D.C. our village dictator ordered the enrolment and training of eighteen air-raid wardens. These men took their training very seriously, bicycling down at night in all weathers to remote village halls to attend lectures, enter gas chambers, attend demonstrations, and pass exams. They were very proud when they finally passed as fit for duty. Then the Government found it could not incur the liability involved by undertaking compensation and equipment for so large a number. We were ordered to dismiss no fewer than fourteen of the eighteen without even the formal thanks of the authorities. So the stock of the A.R.P. authority is low in our village. Some say four wardens are not enough. Others say one would be quite enough. So, look at it either way, the central authority is a figure of fun in our village. God, what a waste of energy, what a bungle of hasty panic and second thoughts; of reckless extravagance at the eleventh hour in panic, and of official meanness! One week it was "Gas the danger," the next week it was fire bombs, the next high explosives. At one time we were to have ten first-aid points, all permanently equipped with nursing and medical staffs; anon we were to make do with a dressing station in the next village. And still we lack direction. Still the Government says to the local authority: "I leave it to you, partner." And the local authority does not even know if it be *spades* that are indicated.

SO GREAT A MAN.—What was it I quoted a week ago from Wells's estimate of Napoleon at that juncture in history when he had his country "in his hand, his instrument, to do with as he pleased, willing for peace but tempered for war like an exquisite sword"? When these lines are in print we shall know if Hitler be a saviour of the world or a cockerel on dungheap. Is he superman or swashbuckler, man of straw or fine metal? Has he the greatness of soul to earn immortality and the gratitude of the whole human race? It is a grave choice for Hitler, as grave if the German people are still unaware of the salvation offered as if they are fully alive to it. Either way, he is trustee for 80,000,000 Germans, whose homes will not less surely lie in ruins if the supreme crime be committed. For Mussolini to say "no" to so great a salvation must be, if possible, an even more fearful responsibility.

THE AERIAL MINE

There is an antidote to nearly everything, and just as there is a gun capable of defying the modern tank so, say the theorists, should there be a weapon to deal effectively with the raiding bomber. Major H. J. Muir is of the opinion that he has evolved such a weapon, and on page 182 of this issue will be found an article and illustration regarding his new aerial mine. The inventor agrees that the mine has certain drawbacks, but, on balance, readers may incline to the opinion that it might well prove decisive in time of war

SPRING GLORY: Children of Battersea Park Road School taking notes on the flowers in Battersea Park. When they return to the classroom they are asked questions regarding what they have seen during the course of their walk

ROUND EUROPE NOW :

Stern Measures in France—Luxembourg Celebrates a Hundred Years of Freedom—The Führer's 50th Birthday—Hungarian and Italian Leaders Meet

FRANCE : Two young Parisiennes reading the *Journal Officiel* containing details of the latest batch of stern decrees designed to straighten French finances and enable the country to meet the demands of rearmament. The most drastic measure is a sales tax of 1 per cent.

LUXEMBOURG is celebrating the centenary of her independence and last week the Duchy's reigning family attended a special session of the Luxembourg Parliament in order to mark the occasion. Here we see Grand Duchess Charlotte, her husband, the Prince Consort Felix, and her son, Prince Jean, returning to the Palace after the ceremony

GERMANY : Herr Hitler's fiftieth birthday was celebrated in characteristic fashion, with a huge military procession through Berlin streets, with more domestic incidents following as shown here. *On the left* the Führer is seen with children who came to wish him many happy returns, while in the *centre* youngsters from the Sudetenland are shown with flowers which they brought for the Chancellor. Among Herr Hitler's guests was Father Tiso (*left of right-hand group*), the Slovakian political leader

On left—**ITALY:** Foreign Minister Count Ciano, Hungarian Premier Count Teleki, Hungarian Foreign Minister Count Czaky, and Signor Mussolini pictured together in Rome where the Italian and Hungarian leaders recently had a three-day meeting

On right—**BELGIUM:** An officer of the Grenadier Guards about to place a wreath on the memorial in Brussels to Belgian Grenadiers who lost their lives in the Battle of Steenstraete. Our Grenadiers have been paying a courtesy visit to Belgium

TELEVISING VARNISHING DAY AT BURLINGTON HOUSE

Viewers Watch Artists Put the Finishing Touches To Their Pictures In Readiness For the Royal Academy Opening

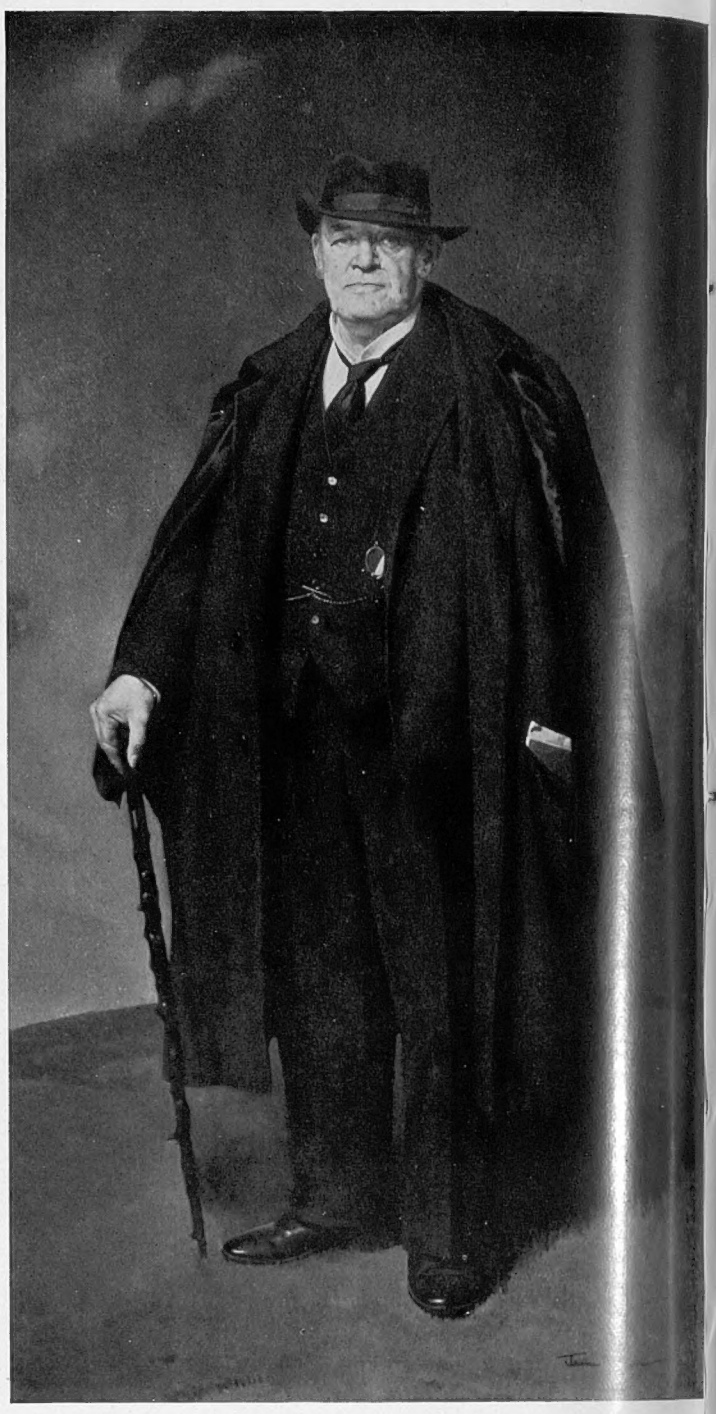
GIANT MURAL: A television camera focused on Mr. A. K. Lawrence, R.A., as he was putting the finishing touches to his big painting of "Queen Elizabeth with her Armies" during Varnishing Day at the Royal Academy. This was the first occasion on which members of the general public had ever been privileged to see what goes on on Varnishing Day. The transmission from Burlington House began in the vestibule where Mr. Edward Halliday, who has several pictures accepted, took over the duties of guide for his unseen but seeing audience. Sir Edwin Lutyens, P.R.A., and Mr. Eric Gill, the sculptor, were among those giving interviews

TELEVIEWERS WERE DISTINCTLY PRIVILEGED, for the television cameras took them from gallery to gallery, showing them pictures which would not normally be seen until private view day. In spite of lighting difficulties the transmission was most satisfactory, and the presence of overalled artists and of numerous workmen with their ladders lent a touch of real animation to the scene. Sometimes the buzz of talk was so loud that it was difficult to hear the commentary

THE ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION OF 1939

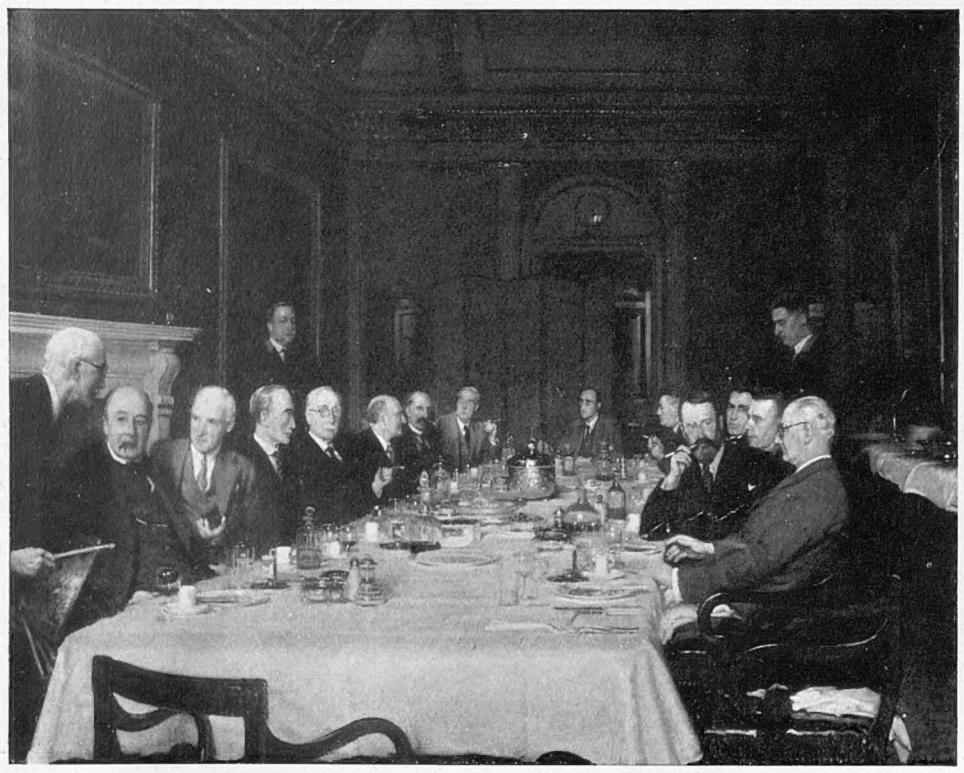
"H.M. QUEEN MARY"

By Simon Elwes



"HILAIRE BELLOC, ESQ"

By James Gunn



"R.A. SELECTION COMMITTEE, 19-8"

By F. W. Elwell, R.A.

"MISS MARLENE DIETRICH"

By Gerald Brockhurst, R.A.

Some Outstanding Pictures in the Summer Show which, following the Private View this Friday, Opens Its Doors to the Public on Monday, May 1

"MRS. . B. FOSTER"

By David Jagger

"JEANETTE"

By Sir Walter W. Russell, R.A.

"LORD KILLANIN" *By T. C. Dugdale, A.R.A.*

"PORTRAIT" *By Cathleen Mann*

"MR. JAMES PRESTON" *By Richard Jack, R.A.*

Below—"EVENING ON THE ROMAN CAMPAGNA" *By Edward I. Halliday*

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IN CHINA'S BOMBED CAPITAL

A Letter from a Correspondent in the Much-Raided City of Chungking

Since this narrative was penned the Chinese forces have been making an extended counter-attack upon the Japanese lines, and in the province of Kiangsi they appear to have had marked success. Three Chinese columns were converging on Nanking.

OUR passenger plane swooped down on to the Chungking airfield yesterday out of a clear sky. Clear skies often mean bad days for Chungking, and everyone said we were lucky not to find ourselves under Japanese bombardment. Clouds generally blanket the city in winter and early spring. Sunny days are dreaded because the Japanese take advantage of them for bombing this inland capital.

Yesterday, however, the Japanese were too busy dropping bombs on Ichang to bother about us. Ichang is a few hundred miles farther down the Yangtse, between here and Hankow. It is important as the gateway to the Upper Yangtse. Passengers and cargo unload there from the big ships and transfer to smaller, flat-bottomed craft that can ascend the famous Yangtse gorges. I hear there's tremendous congestion there—literally thousands of Chinese refugees waiting for room on up-river boats. So the bombing of Ichang yesterday caught plenty of victims.

Meantime I am waiting in Chungking for a steamer to take me to Ichang. Perhaps that city will be gutted and captured before I can get there. The steamer on which I shall travel struck bottom on her way up the gorges and has been held up for repairs; but we should get off to-morrow.

Yesterday we flew from Kunming (Yunnanfu) in just under three hours. The plane took off at 7 p.m.

I was naturally apprehensive of an air attack by the Japanese, but I have since learned that we were in constant touch with all aerodromes. Had news come that Japanese bombers were flying our way, the *Eurasia's* pilot had only to steer the plane westward and fly about out of range until he heard that the raiders had gone away.

Chungking is built on hills of solid rock. Out of this rock foundation the populace are blasting dug-outs. All day, all night, one hears the violent explosions of the blasting, like reverberations of a continuous air raid.

The Government have ordered as many of the people as can to clear out to the country, for with the coming of sunny spring weather a spate of air raids is expected. But as fast as the city is cleared of its population it fills up again with refugees.

At the best of times Chungking is fearfully congested. It is not, like Nanking, a city of open spaces. The buildings here huddle close together, and I am afraid that when air raids come there will be terrible fires and panics.

At the moment morale in Chungking and Kunming is high. The Government, when approached by an inquiring stranger, takes the attitude that China has already won the war, and that it is stupid of the Japanese not to realise this.

The plan, it seems, is for China to sit down in Yunnan and Szechuan, where she is self-supporting, and wait for five, ten, fifteen, or twenty years till the Japanese find out that they have lost the war. When they realise this they are expected to retire from the occupied territories which, it is said, have brought Japan only trouble and expense.

This idea has some justification in that Yunnan and Szechuan are protected from capture by their geographical features, and have sufficient resources to enable them to carry on indefinitely if cut off.

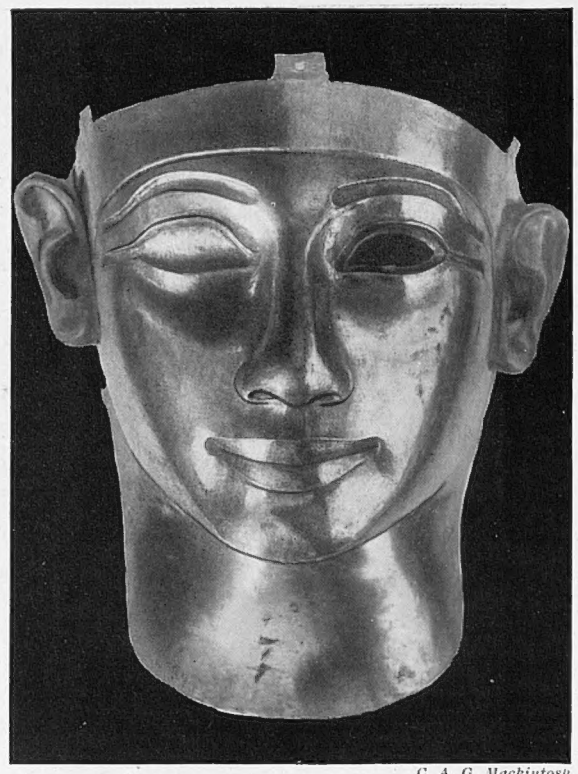
Both Chungking and Kunming are enjoying a tremendous boom. In Kunming I met a Chinese banker whom I knew in Nanking as a person of importance. He and a Chinese architect in partnership are building 500 houses in Kunming.

This is just one example of the boom. All the old hotels are making huge profits.

In spite of its having suffered a few air raids, there is no war atmosphere in Kunming, just a feeling of rush, bustle, and growing prosperity. Kunming reminds me of Tsingtao, but it has a better climate: long, perfect days in gloriously bracing air.

I called on our Consul General there, our friend Davidson, formerly of Hankow, and I met also a lot of Chinese friends whom I had known in other places. I kept running into them in the street, in hotels, shops, everywhere, even in the aeroplane and on the rail journey from Hanoi.

After escaping perils by sea, rail, and air, I arrived here in Chungking to find a dearth of tobacco and spirits. Five thirsty men in this house have between them only one bottle of Plymouth gin and one of sherry, with no more in sight perhaps for months. We hear that when more comes, if ever, it will cost not less than 30s. a bottle.



C. A. G. Mackintosh

THE GOLD FACE MASK OF KING SHISHAK: This magnificent piece of work has been found at Tanis, Egypt, by Professor Montet, whose discovery of the mummy of Shishak (announced in "The Sphere" of April 1) has aroused the keenest interest in archæological circles

BRITAIN'S NEW AMBASSADOR TO THE UNITED STATES: The Marquess of Lothian, whose appointment to succeed Sir Ronald Lindsay in Washington has caused both surprise and satisfaction. He is not a career diplomat, but has many connections with America. He was one of Mr. Lloyd George's secretaries during the great war

GIBRALTAR BOUND: The 1st Battalion the Welsh Guards marching through London before entraining for Southampton and embarking on the troopship *Dorsetshire*

GOLF IN THE NORTH: Mr. B. Hanmer, captain of the Hesketh Golf Club, presenting the cups to Mrs. A. Bason and Mrs. W. M. Whitfield after they had won the *Bystander* Ladies' Northern Foursomes at Hesketh

PALESTINE— IS IT PEACE?

How the Latest European Crisis has Bettered the Position in the Holy Land

ARE we to have peace in Palestine? It certainly looks like it, and if it is brought about it will be due mainly to the menacing developments in south-eastern Europe. Truly, it is an ill wind that blows no one any good.

When the Palestine Conference was transferred from London to Cairo there seemed little hope of any satisfactory solution being found to the vexed problem of the Arab versus Jew in the Holy Land. Experts shook their heads and declared that it was impossible to reconcile the two parties. But with the arrival in London last week of Dr. Hassan Nashaat Pasha, Egyptian Ambassador to Britain, with definite proposals from the Arab delegates in Cairo on a possible settlement of the Palestine question, it certainly looks as if something definite will ultimately result. These proposals are now being considered by the Colonial Office.

This improvement in the prospect of a settlement can be largely attributed to the present international situation. The Italian occupation of Albania is much resented in all Arab countries, and Mussolini is now no longer regarded as the "protector of Islam." Then Egypt feels none too secure with large Italian forces just over her frontier in Libya. This has impressed upon the Arabs the desirability of retaining British friendship. It suffused the Palestinian negotiations at Cairo with an atmosphere of marked conciliation. Another factor which has played an important part in bringing about some sort of agreement is the disappearance of two of the principal rebel leaders. Abdul Rahim, "commander-in-chief" of the terrorists, was shot dead during military operations in Samaria, and another rebel chief, Suleiman Abukhleifa, was wounded and captured and has since died. This has had the effect of breaking up the organisation of the Arab terrorists. True, there are still a few small bands of brigands menacing the countryside, but the peasantry generally feel much safer and because of this are helping the authorities in their efforts to restore order.

While it is not generally known what the Arab proposals are they are said in reliable quarters to deal mainly with the British proposal for a transitional period of ten years before the introduction of a new constitution for Palestine. During that period Jewish immigration would be restricted, as it is at present, thus ensuring an Arab majority in population. At the end of ten years Palestine would be granted self-government provided that in the meantime existing problems had been satisfactorily worked out. These include special legislation along cantonal principles for definite Jewish areas, protection for the holy places, and safeguards for British interests. A point which the Arabs raise here is this. They feel it should not rest solely with the mandatory power to say that these problems had not been solved and the transitionary period must therefore be extended. There should be no prolongation without the assent of the Arab states.

Until the trouble in Albania and the threat to Egypt from Libya the Arabs refused to consider anything less than complete Arab independence for Palestine. The Jews were equally definite that the Jewish National Home policy should not be abandoned, and that Britain should carry out to the full the obligations laid down in the mandate entrusted to her by the League of Nations.

Should, as it is hoped, a settlement be arrived at along the lines indicated above, one has to admit that the Jews are likely to come off second best. It is a question rather of minimising injustice to them than of assuring for them justice. Yet under the circumstances it is the only solution possible. One appreciates the Jewish position, recognises the work they have done in Palestine, their deep interest in the land, and the historic and religious ties that bind them to it. But we have also to remember the Arab position. The country is as sacred to the Arab as it is to the Jew.

All authorities now recognise that it is impossible to go on as we have been doing for the past three years. In some respects it has been worse than civil war. No one feels safe, vehicular traffic travels in convoy, the toiler in the field works with his gun by his side, trade is paralysed, and the touring business which brings to the country £1,000,000 sterling a year is dead. Since May, 1936, until the end of 1938, 1,024 houses have been destroyed by the order of the government, £36,692 imposed in collective fines on 234 towns and villages, and the casualties include 752 Arabs, 367 Jews, 25 European civilians and 98 military killed, and 1,459 Arabs, 783 Jews, 25 civilians and 226 military wounded. All this in a country little larger than Wales. The sooner an agreement is reached the better, even if it does not satisfy the idealist.

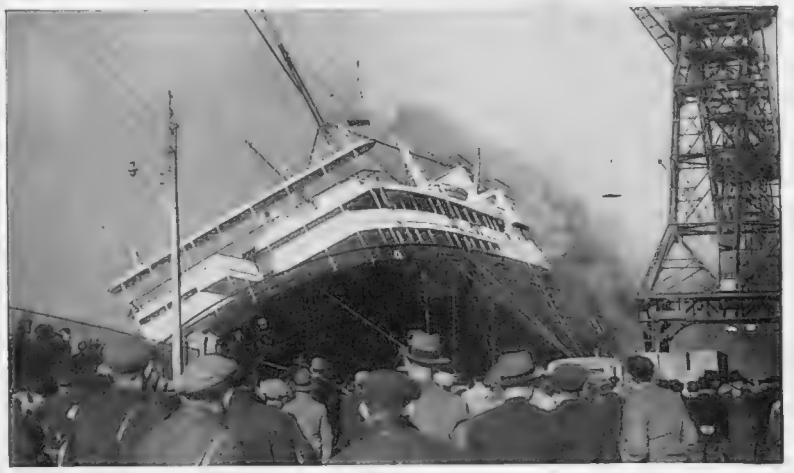
Harold J. Shepstone

The BURNING of the "PARIS"

The 35,000-ton French Liner Capsizes in Le Havre Harbour

FIREMEN FIGHT THE OUTBREAK FROM THE QUAYSIDE: Attempting to master the flames in the liner *Paris*. *On right*—A view showing the heavy list she took before her smouldering hull finally turned over and lay straddled across the harbour

A GIANT IN DISTRESS: A dramatic impression of the 35,000-ton *Paris* in the grip of the fire which started while she was in Le Havre harbour. At this juncture she had taken a heavy list to port and was on the point of capsizing



THE "PARIS" LIES ON HER SIDE IN LE HAVRE HARBOUR: A picture taken just after the 35,000-ton liner had capsized and become a total loss. Said an eye-witness:—"One by one, with the noise like the cracking of a gigantic whip, the mooring ropes parted, and finally the liner turned right over, leaving her smouldering hull showing above the water and her masts lying athwart the fairway to the drydock where the *Normandie* was berthed." Sabotage was at once suspected on account of the speed at which the flames spread, but even so there was time to save much of the cargo, including art treasures destined for the World's Fair in New York. The fire recalls the destruction in drydock in May, 1938, of the liner *Lafayette* and the gutting of *l'Atlantique*

ISOLATION and the U.S.

The Old Policy no Longer Practical Politics

"ROOSEVELT FOR EVER" ran one of the banners carried in this popular demonstration by citizens of Montevideo, Uruguay, where feeling against Fascism now runs high. In neighbouring Argentine Mr. Roosevelt's Pan-American policy is not looked upon with the same favour

FROM 1914 until 1917, United States foreign policy was dictated by the conviction that the war in Europe was none of America's affair, and that neutrality was not only possible but proper. If you will remember, President Wilson once told the American people that, even in their thinking, they should be neutral.

After the Treaty of Versailles had been signed, the United States reverted to its previous policy of splendid isolation. The United States Senate flatly refused to ratify the entrance of the United States into the League of Nations. Later, the policy of isolation derived added strength from the failure of European countries to meet their war debt payments, and popular sentiment against the defaulting nations became bitter. It is possible that if Hoover had been re-elected in 1932 he would have led the U.S. into a war with Japan to defend China; but it was a simple matter for Roosevelt, once elected, to nullify all those plans.

To-day the foreign policy of the United States is dictated by quite the opposite conviction. It is dictated by the conviction that its existence as a free country is threatened, and that neutrality is impossible, even if it is proper. That conviction has arisen out of the Mexican oil expropriations, which has had the effect of making Radical Mexico the actual or potential ally of reactionary Germany, Italy, and Japan. In simple language, that means that the frontier between Germany and the United States is now the Rio Grande, that the frontier between Italy and the United States is now the Rio Grande, and the frontier between Japan and the United States is now the Rio Grande.

A FESTIVE NIGHT IN BUENOS AIRES: Elaborate illuminations in the Avenida de Mayo

This conviction has been heightened by the fact that Donald Richberg, representing seventeen British and American oil companies, recently returned from a conference with President Lazaro Cardenas in Mexico to report that his efforts to effect an adjustment of the oil expropriations dispute had failed. There could be but one possible basis for the failure. Cardenas must have received added assurances that he now has a major market for Mexican oil. The only possible major markets would be Germany, Italy, and Japan. Since Hitler has been searching actively for spheres of influence in the western hemisphere, as has Japan, it is assumed that a situation might arise which would enable them to approach the United States from Mexico instead of from the Atlantic. This changes the status of Mexico from that of a backward nation to that of a nation which can become the valuable ally of strong modern powers.

That the United States is convinced that sooner or later it must fight one or more of the Fascist powers is the only logical inference to be drawn from its uncompromising condemnations of Hitler's recent conquests, combined with its unmistakably hostile act in imposing a punitive duty of 25 per cent. on all German products and all products from the areas which Germany has seized.

MOBBED: The Spanish Republican Minister, Señor Prieto, being enthusiastically received in Buenos Aires during his visit to the Argentine at the beginning of this year and only a short while before the collapse of the Republican effort in Spain

It is not surprising therefore that the United States should have moved at once recently to take advantage of Hitler's mistaken policy in Brazil. Hitler had been making considerable progress in dealing with Brazil, having entered into a barter treaty with that country. It appears, however, that the Brazilians entered into the treaty with the impression that they could exchange their coffee, rubber, and other products for manufactured goods which they needed, or which they wanted. Under the actual operation of the treaty, however, they discovered that they could acquire only those manufactured goods which Germany was willing to let them have, and it

(Continued on page 202)

ANXIOUS NEUTRALITY

Belgium's Attitude Towards European Affairs At a Critical Moment

CABINET MAKING EXTRAORDINARY: M. Pierlot, the Belgian statesman who has had to work so strenuously to form a Ministry. At first he tried to make a coalition from the three traditional parties—Catholics, Liberals, and Socialists—but it was broken up almost immediately by the Socialists who decided against participation in the Government. M. Pierlot then tried again and on April 18 formed a cabinet of Catholics, Liberals, and extra Parliamentary experts, the Socialists being excluded. The Walloons and Flemings within the Socialist Party are at present very sharply divided in their opinions

THERE is every reason why the Belgian reaction to international crises should be very different from that of its neighbour, Holland. In the first place, too many European wars have been fought out on its territory. In the second place, the potential aggressor of to-day was the invader of yesterday, and Belgium's memories of that invasion are not happy. Where, therefore, the present Dutch attitude is one of confident neutrality, that of Belgium is one of anxious neutrality.

It is true that Belgium no longer feels herself hitched to the chariot of France, and asserts her neutrality more vigorously than would have been the case as little as five years ago. It is also true that Herr Hitler has more than once expressed his determination to respect the integrity of Belgian territory. On the other hand, the Belgian temper is anything but neutral, and, whilst expressing technical neutrality, the Belgian press and people are for the most part fervently pro-French and anti-German; and that, of course, is reason enough to make their second safeguard—the German guarantee—quite valueless in the event of a European war.

A well-known Belgian statesman put it to me thus: "We aspire to neutrality; but most of us know in our hearts that, if the worst comes to the worst, it won't keep us out of war. Never mind. If we adhere strictly to neutrality it will give us a moral weapon that, in the end, will vanquish armies." It was nice to hear someone expressing confidence in the moral weapon: one had thought it to be as out of date as the musket.

In these circumstances it is very unlikely that Belgium will welcome an invitation to join the anti-aggression front. Her attitude to this is much the same as Holland's. From whichever side we are attacked, they say, the other side will hasten to our defence. An attack on Belgium by one of her neighbours threatens the vital interests of all the other neighbours. And this, unfortunately, is no mere matter of theory: it has been proved over and over again in bitter conflict.

Where the Belgian attitude differs significantly from the Dutch is not so much in the former's conviction that in the event of a European war it will be almost impossible to maintain neutrality, but in the fact that she may be said to have chosen her allies already. The Belgians know on which side they stand—the Dutch refuse to ask themselves the question, let alone answer it. There has been collusion, if not active collaboration, between the French and Belgian General Staffs concerning the Belgian defence system, and should it ever become necessary for France to march once more to the aid of her northern neighbour the two military systems will interlock in a manner only possible where that has been the intention, premeditated and co-ordinated.

In such an event the Belgian system will prove to be a great deal more formidable than was the case in 1914. The defence of the kingdom will no longer depend upon the heroically-manned, but out-of-date fortresses of Liége and Namur. For all practical purposes, the Maginot line does not stop at the Belgian frontier. It can hardly be said to stop even where the Albert Canal, in the neighbourhood of Liége, takes up the grim task along the Belgo-Dutch frontier as far as Antwerp. Behind these lines is a complicated system of casemate fortifications; and behind that a highly-trained, highly-equipped army. On the whole, a much harder proposition than in 1914.

"There is nothing wrong with our army," said a Belgian publicist. "Our defence system is as near perfection as it can be. But what can an army do if at its back is civil confusion?"

(Continued on page 202)

BRUSSELS IS TO HAVE A NEW CENTRAL STATION and work is proceeding rapidly on the preparation of the site which is in the vicinity of the famous church of St. Gudule

CELEBRATING THE PASSOVER IN JERUSALEM

A Last Fiction of King Zog in His Palace at Tirana—The Swiss Rock Avalanche Disaster—Many Children Lose Their Lives

"AND THIS DAY SHALL BE UNTO YOU FOR A MEMORIAL": A family of Yemenite Jews partaking of "bitter herbs," signifying the hard times of their forefathers in Egypt, during their Passover Supper. A picture taken in Jerusalem when the Passover, in common with Christian Easter ceremonies, was celebrated with customary ritual despite the present conditions of racial strife still obtaining throughout the country. Little children always take a prominent part in the Passover observance

BEFORE THE DYNASTIC CRASH: King Zog seen in his palace at Tirana with his third sister, Princess Senijé, and her husband, Prince Abid, who has been the Albanian Chargé d'Affaires in Paris. Prince Abid is a son of Sultan Abdul Hamid Khan II. The picture was taken a few days before Italy's invasion of Albania

A MONSTER BOULDER blocking a pathway near Flims, Grisons, Switzerland, following the avalanche of rock which in its course down the valley completely destroyed a children's school, killing seventeen people, most of them being children. The displacement of rock was caused by melting ice

WHERE ALBANIA AND YUGOSLAVIA COME FACE

THE RUGGED NORTH ALBANIAN ALPS:

These fastnesses lie close to the northern border, making a clear-cut geographic division between Albania and the Montenegro region of Yugoslavia. Three-quarters of Albania is as mountainous as this

A BACKGROUND OF FORBIDDING HILLS:

Against this stands the old Dalmatian fortress of Budva. Its situation is typical of this stretch of Adriatic coast; a coast that has lost much of its tranquillity since Italy's invasion of Albania

HOME FROM KRUJA MARKET:

Albanian tribeswomen returning to their mountain hamlets. They are traversing the beginnings of a new road. The peasant women of Albania, as of all eastern countries, are accustomed to carrying great loads upon their backs, yet they manage to spin as they go along. The women have always been the hewers of wood and drawers of water—while the men have been exclusively concerned with feuds and the defence of their homes, thinking it undignified to carry anything except warlike weapons. But the women have one great advantage—they can go about their work and travel about the country with absolute safety, it being the custom to respect them. Any man who molests a woman may be quite certain he will pay with his life

A PEASANT WOMAN OF SOUTHERN ALBANIA:

She is resting her cradle upon a convenient rock. The peasants take their babies with them when they go to work in the fields, but, owing to widespread terror of the evil eye, the child has to be covered up completely and so gets neither light nor air. King Zog's sisters worked hard in recent years to overcome this and other dangerous superstitions, but many peasants still like to hang blue beads round their donkeys' necks and put a horse's skull where it overlooks their crops—for these things, it is held, the evil eye will not face

Italy's action in Albania has inevitably caused a feeling of tension in Yugoslavia, for that country is now brought into even closer contact with the Axis. Once Austria was a buffer state between Yugoslavia and Germany, while the Adriatic cu

TO FACE: And Other Balkan Pictures of Moment

KRUJA STRONGHOLD OF SCANDERBEG:

The fortress of Albania's hero whose real name was George Castriota. King Zog's infant son and heir has been named after him. Castriota, born in 1403, was carried off by the invading Turks when they occupied Kruja in 1423. He won the Sultan's favour and so distinguished himself upon the battlefield in the Sultan's service that his friends flattered him by comparing him with Alexander the Great and nicknamed him Scander (meaning Alexander). But Scanderbeg planned to recover his father's property and liberate his country from the Turks. In 1443 he seized Kruja castle by surprise and led a national rebellion which so far succeeded that the Turks eventually recognised him as "Prince of Albania and Epirus"

FOR THE WELL-DRESSED SLAV:

A handsome array of beautifully embroidered coats hanging above the entrance to a shop in the Yugoslavian seaport town of Split. There is a distinctly eastern touch about these gay garments

THE RUINS OF KING ZOG'S OLD HOME:

These ruins are in King Zog's tribal district of Mati. The origin of the Zogus is somewhat obscure, but it is known that they have been hereditary chieftains of the tribe for at least five centuries. King Zog succeeded his father in 1905. He was educated in Turkish military schools, but played a leading part in the struggle for independence against the Turks. During the world war he fought against the Italians in Albania and in 1920 directed the revolt which drove the Italians from the country. Meantime Yugoslav invaders burnt his home

off Yugoslavia from Italian influence. To-day that security has gone and the new alignment in the Balkans is far from reassuring. With Italy on both sides of the Straits of Otranto, Yugoslavia is also troubled about her outlet to the Mediterranean

MEN OF THE YUGOSLAV NAVY:

They make fine sailors, having a much greater aptitude for the sea than most of their Balkan brethren. Since Italy invaded neighbouring Albania theirs has become a position of some responsibility

THE AERIAL MINE: IS IT THE IDEAL REPLY TO THE RAIDING BOMBER? A POSSIBLY DECISIVE WEAPON

A RAIDING PLANE STRIKES AN AIR MINE: A drawing made for "The Sphere" by Inglis Sheldon-Williams to show the potentialities of Major H. J. Muir's defensive scheme which is described in detail on the right. Each bomb would weigh 9 or 10 ozs. and it would be supported by a meteorological balloon on a 40-ft. length of fine wire. A field of these might prove a real menace

THIS invention by Major H. J. Muir is a small bomb weighing 9 or 10 ozs. supported by a meteorological balloon on a 40-ft. length of fine wire, the whole apparatus costing about 5s. Each bomb is fitted with a self-destroying device which can be regulated to operate after the required number of hours, if not exploded by impact with an aeroplane. The balloons, which are liberated to windward of the area to be defended, or to float over enemy territory, drift with the wind, and can be regulated to float at all necessary altitudes. They can be liberated by untrained personnel in any open space at the rate of one per man per minute so it would be quite easy to create an effective barrage within a very short while of a warning being given. The bombs are of very light metal. The rate of ascent for the proposed small balloon would be 1,000 ft. per second and this speed can be accelerated by increasing the size of the balloon.

By
INGLIS SHELDON-WILLIAMS

In the case of self-destruction there is no danger to persons on the ground; fragments of metal, wire and deflated balloon weighing no more than 4 ozs. Even the premature bursting of the balloon in the air and the fall of the unexploded bomb is a negligible risk compared with the danger from anti-aircraft shells.

The proposed bomb is fitted with four firing pins or strikers impinging concentrically on a single detonator, so that at whatever angle it strikes the aeroplane one or more of the strikers will be depressed and will puncture the detonator. An aeroplane flying at high speed creates terrific wind currents, and the inventor claims that even a small hole made in the fragile structure by the bursting bomb would give access to a hurricane blast that would complete the destruction of the machine.

If not colliding directly with the bomb, an aeroplane driving into the wire would cause the suspended bomb to fly up and deliver a hammer blow from above or below, as indicated in the illustration.

The device has attracted attention in many countries, including Germany. While the number of balloons required to maintain an effective screen or barrage would be colossal, the moral effect upon airmen of an unknown number, at unknown altitudes, invisible at night, and almost invisible by day, into which they might fly at any moment, may prove these air mines to be the long-sought decisive weapon of defence. Practically everything has its antidote and this may be the really effective one to the modern bombing machine.

Drawbacks known and conjectural are freely admitted, as for instance the necessity for friendly aircraft to fly to windward of mine areas, but there are not wanting expert opinions that, on balance, officially sanctioned tests would show results convincingly in favour of this invention, and it may be the destiny of these little balloons to lift and bear away from off the nations the dead weight of an evil thing. After all, the mine field in the sky is a perfectly logical development from the mine field in the sea and it would certainly be a less long-standing menace than the sea mine.

SHELLS AND SEARCHLIGHTS

These, with the addition of course of the fighting interceptor planes, at the moment are our weapons of defence against aerial attack, but on reading of Major Muir's invention many may be impelled to feel that the aerial mine should play a part, too

The German Fleet Steams Down Channel

BOUND FOR MEDITERRANEAN WATERS: The German pocket battleship *Admiral Graf Spee* pictured as she steamed through the Straits of Dover at the head of the German naval squadron which is to carry out its spring exercises in Spanish waters and may later visit some of the Italian ports. The squadron dawdled for two days in the North Sea and there was some speculation as to its whereabouts until a plane went out and took this and other pictures. The vessel is named after the German Admiral who defeated Cradock at Coronel and was himself decisively beaten by Sturdee at the subsequent Battle of the Falkland Islands, going down with his flagship, the *Scharnhorst*. The word Coronel, it will be observed, adorns the *Admiral Graf Spee's* superstructure

A GULL'S-EYE VIEW of one of the German warships as she steamed through the Straits of Dover en route to the Mediterranean. The catapult apparatus is seen on the left. Many people lined the cliffs along the south coast in order to gain a glimpse of the squadron, but the haze robbed them of a good view

WHEN THE LEVANT SWIRLS ROUND "GIB'S" ROCKY SUMMIT there are dangerous eddies, and the airman is well advised to keep his distance

GIBRALTAR under IRONSIDE

Britain is Fortunate at a Critical Time in Having One of Her Best Soldiers to Plan the Rock's Defences

By
FERDINAND TUOHY

TO those who come ashore from passing liners, to the number of many hundreds each week, Gibraltar looks as calm and peaceful as it has probably ever done, or as a vital fortress-port well could appear. The utter (surface) unmilitariness of the place belongs almost in the realm uncanny at this juncture, considering the role that would inevitably be reserved for the Rock if Britain soon had to go to war.

Only when the Fleet is in does Gibraltar take on another air—as when, a month before my latest passage, both Mediterranean and Home Fleets were in harbour, 107 vessels in all, just in from Atlantic exercises aimed at calculating how vulnerable "Gib" might be from that quarter. Now, the *Repulse* and one lone destroyer had the harbour all to themselves — parenthetically, the gossips will like to know that seventy-eight "Royal party and suite" are being so comfortably installed, without one of the 1,300 crew having to go, that the sole case of overcrowding will concern two lady's maids allotted the same cabin. "The ship could go into action with the King and Queen on board."

WITHIN THE ROCK is a system for controlling the water gathered on the catchments. Gibraltar has no springs

The end of the neighbouring civil war has depleted Gibraltar's hotels and public places of a considerable quantity of those, from both sides, who for various reasons gathered in this neutral strip: war agents and hangers-on generally. There is less excitement now in teeming Main Street.

These British subjects, to the tune of 17,500, sprung mainly from Italian, Spanish, and Maltese stock, continuously encroached upon by British love-making during the 235 years we've been locally installed, these British subjects, reinforced by 6,000 who come over from Spanish La Linea each day to work (they include a further 2,000 British) are settling into normality once more, the presence of nearly 2,000 "Government" refugees in their midst notwithstanding. It is hoped to evacuate these at the rate of 150 a month, but almost every case has to be gone into, lest injustice be done. So many insist they'd be put straight up against a wall if sent back to Spain. And if most of the Rock working-class population would prefer the intruders' room to their company, on economic grounds, feelings are apt to be tugged in the opposite direction owing to the very "Left" composition of said population.

General Sir C. Harington was recently quoted as saying that during the civil war local sentiment mounted so steadily that 80 to 90 per cent. of the Rock's working-class finished up by being "Red." All I shall say here is that this population is advanced Socialist, and that if ever a Nationalist cry does arise "Spain for the Spaniards—including Gibraltar!" it would not surprise me to hear its protagonists proclaim "Gib" a concentrated nest of Communists, whose proximity to anti-Comintern Spain imperilled the new regime.

However, this very Catholic population has an Irish Bishop Fitzgerald in charge of it, unlike Malta's Italian spiritual shepherds, and maybe the Right Rev. gentleman will manage to tone down the "redness." If he failed there would still be the influence of the new Governor, General Sir Edmund Ironside, who has already won over this Crown Colony because he is "doing things," putting the mammoth hulk that is the Rock in the way of defending itself, and manifestly paying every attention to the safety and interests of the population. He is also such a fine figure of a man, who goes about chatting with or waving a hand at those along his way. Dispensing confidence.

I am aware that there are those in London who will comment: "Yes, of course he can do things when he's got carte blanche in the spending line." This senior British general has his critics, chiefly for having, maybe a little too buoyantly, all his life refused to suffer fools gladly or otherwise, and no doubt some who are not for him had their quiet guffaws when Ironside was appointed to Gibraltar, "dignified ending to an outstanding military career." For my part, knowing something of the General's grasp of realities in the European military field and farther, I find it hard to credit that this *is* the end of his activity; yet if it so prove, Ironside's record may well show no brighter page than how, in 1939, he set to defending the Rock. Rookeand Elliot would welcome him to their ranks.

Messrs. MacDonald and Hore - Belisha, and Lord Halifax, each has a say in Gibraltar, to say nothing of the Admiralty. The Governor, who is military and civil chief, is directly responsible to the Colonial Office, and this causes delay in the forwarding of reports, requests, etc., to indicated quarters. Any other nation would have put Gibraltar under a special regime, especially these times, but we go on treating the Rock just as if it were any other Crown Colony whereas its conditions are reproduced nowhere else. Unlike Malta, which has a fortified port forming but a small part of the island whole, in Gibraltar the entire colony exists in the fortress; civilians and the Services are inextricably mixed, 21,000 live inside a fortified enceinte. If we are going to "fight Gibraltar," then it does look as if our chances would improve by simplifying matters and putting the colony under a central and embracing authority in London, and that not the Colonial Office. "Gib" is Europe, far too near and too vital for any "colonial" labelling. (With no disrespect.)

"Just think what the Germans would have made of this place" said my cicerone at one stage. "Look at what they did with Heligoland — far smaller. Hangars in the rock, submarine docks underneath it, everything stowed away in absolute safety in the granite. We could excavate aeroplane hangars inside a few months, and deuced useful the pilots would be, spotting batteries in the valleys opposite, if it ever does come to that. At present everything's still visual in that line—glasses from up topside."

But perhaps those hangars are a luxury, at least for the moment, while other things marked "imperative" are being pushed to completion. Sir Edmund is a vast man, and he needs to be, considering the things that figure on his daily agenda, which he has to attend to, and decide, either as civil or military governor.

A.R.P.—Gibraltar will be bombed in intensity according as to whether Spain remains neutral or does not, or allows or is unable to prevent other totalitarian bombing from the Balearics or from much closer at hand. If France moves into Spanish Morocco or Tangier, Franco would almost certainly sanction German and Italian bombing of "Gib" from Spanish soil. Whether he sanctioned it or not, the Germans were going to bomb last September, and duly put their aerodromes in a state of defence, fearing Nationalist wrath.

Gibraltar's most-sought target would be the docks, including the new dry dock taking the *Hood*, and these would be flown over lengthwise, making a longer target for the intruding aircraft. Until our A.A. defences are completed, it cannot be said that the harbour would be usable even by the smaller and less costly war vessels. The town would take a bad knock, everything being so close together—docks, town, defences, barracks. That is why the Governor is prosecuting such a go-ahead civil defence policy that includes copious gas-masks, volunteers for fire-fighting, rehearsal blackouts, special steam sirens in case the electric supply gets cut off, and an ambitious plan for shelters.

I was taken up to one of these, being enlarged from an old muzzle-loading battery series of excavations. Enlarged is hardly the word, for the shelter already extends deep into the rock, and when completed it will hold 1,500. But a few paces inside, and one already has 60 ft. of solid rock above one, and this protection naturally grows greatly as one proceeds farther into the shelter. No staves will be necessary to keep up the low "roof," which was dripping refreshingly after a heavy rainfall, and the "ceiling" is being left in its natural, cave-like state, as it is blown with fifty-odd sticks of dynamite a day or bored with the latest electric drills out from home. There is no time at "Gib" to put any pretty finishings to anything. Every effort and hour has to be devoted to developing the

(*Continued on page* 198)

WHERE "GIB" ENDS: A glimpse of the main road leading from the Rock across the neutral zone to the Spanish town of La Linea which is seen in the distance. Every day 6,000 workers cross over from La Linea to earn their living in Gibraltar. They must return each evening

BUSY DAYS AT "THE ROCK": *Where General Sir Edmund Ironside Has Been Planning the Defences*

THE SCENE OF INTENSE ACTIVITY: An aerial view of Gibraltar showing Europa Point in the foreground, the town and harbour on the left, and the Spanish mainland in the far distance. Last week Gibraltar was humming with life, no fewer than sixteen French warships arriving there before carrying out exercises in the vicinity. Meanwhile, boom defences were being constructed across the entrances to the Admiralty Harbour and the Royal Engineers were erecting a barricade on the main road connecting the Rock with the Spanish town of La Linea. Also being completed is a £49,000 A.R.P. scheme involving the conversion of caves into shelters for the whole population of 17,000. Superintending all these defensive measures is the Governor, General Sir Edmund Ironside

THE "DEUTSCHLAND" AT "GIB": This picture of the 10,000-ton German pocket battleship was taken on the occasion of her visit to the Rock in February, 1937, when her officers and crew were entertained by the British. On the present spring cruise of the German fleet Gibraltar is not included in the itinerary, but some of the vessels have arranged to call in at the neighbouring Spanish port of Algeciras where there has also been considerable activity of late. It was at Algeciras on April 15 that a dinner was given to 100 German technicians "responsible for planning the Spanish fortifications now encircling Gibraltar"

C

EFFECTS TYPICAL OF DESERT REGIONS are to be found in west Spitsbergen, and the scarcity of the rainfall, which is less than 10 ins. annually, is reflected in this picture by the nature of the rock weathering. The picture was taken by the Cambridge Expedition to Spitsbergen in 1938 when a party of six set out to explore geologically the Campbell Range and to make an accurate survey of coastal features in the neighbourhood of Billefjord. They were most successful in their work and returned to England last September. *On right*—**THE DIRT CONE** is a phenomenon found on Spitsbergen glaciers. Through the accumulation of fine material on a certain spot the ice beneath it is protected from the rays of the sun. Thus, when the surrounding ice is lowered by melting, the protected portion stands forth as a mound

HOW THE MODERN ESKIMO LIVES:

It was at this west coast settlement of Sukkertoppen that three members of the Oxford University Greenland Expedition of 1938 spent a fortnight among the Eskimo people after completing their research work on the Ice-Cap. The frail timber houses are well protected by the hills from the biting easterly winds

OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE EXPEDITIONS IN THE ARCTIC

The Dark Blues Carry on Research in Greenland and the Light Blues Pay a Visit to Spitsbergen

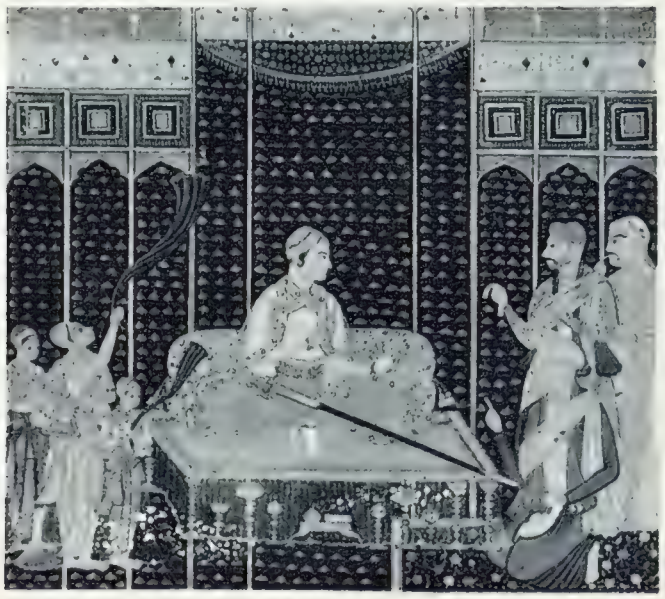
THE CLIFFS OF THE NORDENSKIOLD GLACIER pictured by the Cambridge Expedition to Spitsbergen. "These cliffs are nearly 150 ft. high" writes a member of the expedition. "The admixture of scintillating whiteness with deep blues and emerald greens forms a scene of quite incomparable beauty. As the sun moves slowly across the sky, fresh seracs catch its light; others still reflect it, but from a different angle. Thus the scene is ever changing"

A FORBIDDING COASTLINE:

A 200-ft. ice-cliff on the west coast of Greenland where the Oxford University Expedition was active last year. The expedition had elaborate meteorological instruments and was able to make a series of observations of considerable value. For two months a meteorological station was maintained on the Ice-Cap

"FROM RICHMOND HILL" BY DAVID COX: One of the delicately beautiful water-colours in the Fine Art Society's Exhibition of Early English Water-colours. To-day (April 29) is Cox's birthday and 1939 marks the 80th anniversary of his death. His sincere love of nature almost invariably reached its noblest expression in water-colour

IN THE EXHIBITION OF ORIENTAL PORTRAITURE at the British Museum is this Persian miniature representing a sage. It dates from about 1600 and is characterised by great delicacy



"IBRAHIM II ON HIS THRONE SURROUNDED BY COURTIERS": A detail of an Indian miniature of the sixteenth century; a recent acquisition of the Department of Oriental Antiquities at the British Museum where it is now being prominently displayed

ART NOTES

By

Iris Brooke

FOLLOWING swiftly on the heels of the exhibition of a century of French caricature at the New Burlington Galleries comes another exhibition of caricature—some drawn as early as the fifteenth century—and this time at the British Museum.

The British Museum, of course, has an immense departmental collection of prints and drawings from which to select suitable exhibits, and here we may find representative satires and caricatures from most of the western European countries from the days of Leonardo da Vinci, Pieter Bruegel, and Albrecht Dürer passing on by easy stages to William Hogarth and Cruikshank, and eventually finishing with the familiar works of George Belcher and Low. I found it an intensely interesting collection. In the same gallery is a collection of Oriental works—Indian, Persian, Chinese and Japanese, and it is a particularly noticeable feature that the figure treatment in each group is so entirely different.

The Chinese introduce figures into a landscape only as a symbol. In Japanese art they definitely each have a personality. The Hindu element shows the distinctive characteristics of each man's calling—the rulers are regal and the saints are saintly.

In Persian miniatures the figure is expressed; stance and movement are of primary importance. Amongst the recent acquisitions in this section is a particularly fine specimen of Indian sixteenth-century work, the pale blue, orange-vermilion, soft, bluish green, and rich, deep rose in the draperies of the lower figures making a fine contrast to the less vivid colouring of the seated ruler above.

Dame Laura Knight's Exhibition.—Last week was the private view of recent works by Dame Laura Knight at the Leicester Galleries—this is the first important exhibition of her work since a collection of pictures of circus life was shown some eight years ago.

Recently Dame Laura Knight has forsaken the tinsel and tarletan of the circus and ballet, and in their place has chosen the gipsy as her model—particularly she shows gipsy life at the race meeting in all its picturesque reality.

It is no easy job to paint amongst the perpetually moving crowds at a race-meeting, but the problem of coping efficiently with the more obvious difficulties has been somewhat overcome by the artist taking two willing helpers with her, who dole out sweet strong tea to restive models and keep the crowd from completely enveloping and swallowing Dame Laura at her work.

There are some sixty-five pictures in this collection, covering all the chief phases of the artist's work during the past ten years. Of particular beauty and strength are her park scenes featuring trees—the feeling of solidity and permanence in the tree form is exquisitely blended with the whispering fragility of the foliage. Landscapes, seascapes, interiors, figure studies and a few portraits hang beside the familiar ballet girls and the less familiar gipsy groups.

The Cezanne Centenary Exhibition opened at Rosenberg and Helft's, 31, Bruton Street, W.1, on April 19 and is naturally proving a big draw as it is the most important display of Cezanne's work that has ever been shown in this country.

Over 30,000 people saw the exhibition in Paris, where it has just closed. It was regarded as an event of national importance, and a special postage stamp bearing Cezanne's head was issued to commemorate the occasion.

The exhibition contains a number of Cezanne's greatest works, and includes loans from such collectors as Mrs. Chester Beatty, Sir Kenneth Clark, Mr. Samuel Courtauld, Miss G. E. Davies, M. Jacques Laroche, M. Henri Matisse, M. Michel Monet, Captain Edward Molyneux, Lord Rothschild and M. Ambroise Vollard. It covers all periods of his work, from his very early "Portrait du Nègre Scipion"—painted in 1867, and lent by M. Michel Monet, Claude Monet's son—to his very last picture, a portrait of his gardener, Vallier, painted in October, 1906. Cezanne was working on this picture, painting under the lime trees in his garden, when he caught the chill which resulted in his death. Altogether seventeen of the pictures are being exhibited in England for the first time.

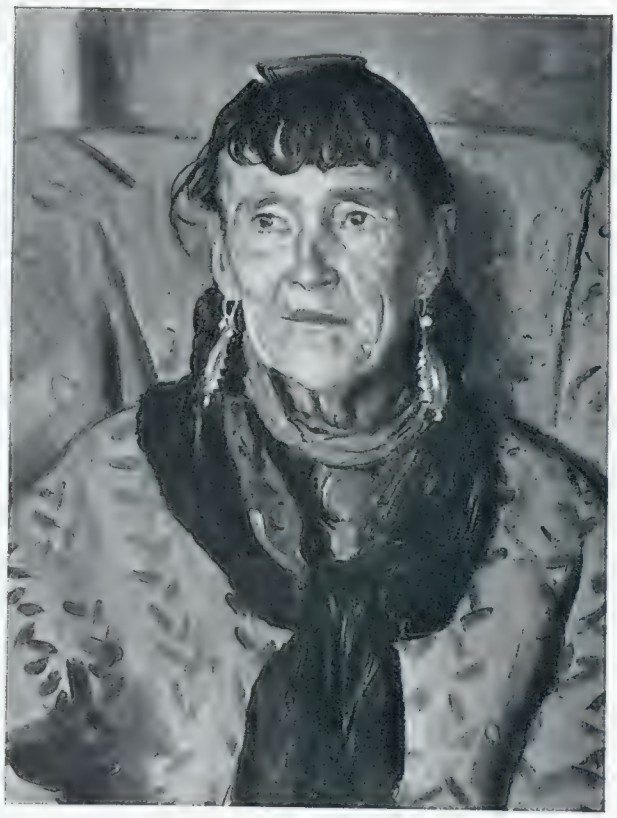
THE CEZANNE CENTENARY EXHIBITION

Laura Knight's Show, and Other Items of Artistic Moment

CEZANNE'S LAST PICTURE: "Portrait de Vallier," which the great French painter completed in 1906, the year of his death, is one of the outstanding works in the Cezanne Centenary Exhibition at Rosenberg and Helft's, 31, Bruton Street, W.1. The proceeds are being devoted to St. George's Hospital rebuilding fund

"FLEURS DANS UN VASE VERT": This flower painting included in the Cezanne exhibition has never before been shown in England. Cezanne's mastery of colour and of infinitesimal differences in tone made him a true interpreter of nature

"THE CROWD ARRIVES": A gipsy study by Dame Laura Knight, R.A., in her exhibition of new pictures which she is holding at the Leicester Galleries, and in which this direct, vital, and robust painter is once again seen to good advantage. Dame Laura's gipsy representations are, indeed, as convincingly true to life as her well-known canvases depicting ballet and circus folk



"AN OLD GIPSY WOMAN": Another picture by Dame Laura Knight in her exhibition at the Leicester Galleries

"ANNABEL, DAUGHTER OF SIR CECIL NEWMAN, BART": A portrait by Edmond Brock in his one-man show, which is to be opened on May 2 at the New Burlington Galleries. *On left*—Mr. Brock's portrait of "Mrs. Hutchison, of Rossie"

On right—
A WOMAN OF INDIA: This sculpture is one of a number brought back to England by Mrs. Marguerite Milward from her latest trip to India where she has been studying racial types. The woman represented belongs to a wild tribe in the Bombay Presidency; a people who still carry bows and arrows, living a wholly primitive existence

HALTON—

The Public School of the Air

By NOEL THOMPSON

THE HALTON TYPE: A young apprentice engaged in stripping the metal skin from the damaged tail of a bomber in one of the repair shops at Halton. He uses an automatic drill

IT was sheer chance that two successive week-ends should see me first at one of our most famous public schools and then at an establishment which I have no hesitation in dubbing the public school of the air.

I use the word "public" in the latter case, not in the usual narrow category applied to certain schools, but because an admiral's son may be living and working with the son of an unemployed miner, and very friendly colleagues they make; because they both have one ambition—to do credit to their training and become valuable members of the Royal Air Force.

The public school of the air is at Halton, the R.A.F. training school for aircraft apprentices, which the King visited informally a fortnight ago, and the greatest school of its kind in the world.

There are more than 3,600 boys being housed and trained at Halton, and I spent five hours being shown how it was done. Even so, I saw only a quarter, and everyone wanted to show me the other three-quarters of the establishment. But as they told me it would be largely duplication and as I was already brim full of facts and figures I decided to call it a day.

The nearest station is Wendover, some two and a bit miles away. As I drive in I pass tennis courts and beside them newly-made dug-outs. Also grand, fine-looking youths coming out of classes.

These aircraft apprentices join between the ages of about fourteen and a half and seventeen and a half. They are here for three years' training. And here I must point out that when they leave they will be in varying degrees *aircraftmen*. The word aircraftsman, so commonly used, is anathema, and I make a note of it.

ALL must pass an examination in mathematics (200 marks), science (100 marks), general paper (100 marks), and English composition (100 marks), before entry; but there is some latitude in this, and mathematics and general showing of intelligence count most. A few boys, with school certificate or other examinations behind them, can enter direct.

Before dealing with the work I must leave you to draw your own comparisons with life at Halton and life at an average public school. First, of course, the boys are paid, for the first two years at the rate of 7s. a week (including holidays) and for their last year at 10s. 6d. a week. Some of this is saved and paid them in a lump sum before leave, which amounts to about six weeks in the year, at Easter, summer, and Christmas. *And* two free return vouchers home with half fare paid for a third trip, added to an allowance in lieu of rations. Holidays, as at school, *only with pay!*

I inspected the barracks (at school they would be called houses). There are four, accommodating 850 boys each, with the distinguishing mark that on their caps the boys wear respectively red, yellow, green, and red-and-blue bands.

I should not have used the word "accommodating." It sounds rough and ready. A senior boy is in charge of each dormitory (like a prefect) and has a separate room leading off. The beds have extensions, which pull out. I tested their comfort (without the bed clothes, which were neatly piled). First class. All rooms are centrally heated. Plenty of hot and cold water with showers adjoining, in fact as good as you could find anywhere. But then the buildings are modern.

In a building opposite, the non-commissioned aircraftmen have a lounge to themselves with a full-size billiards table, table tennis, wireless, comfortable chairs. Above, the boys have three full-size billiards tables and everything you can imagine. And mind, this is for one section only. The others are similarly equipped. Everything is light, airy, and warm.

BUT now the boys, hungry from their lessons or workshops, are coming into the huge luncheon rooms This calls for inspection. Take a menu I see on the wall. First, early morning tea and biscuits, then breakfast, porridge (or corn flakes), sausages, bread and butter, and marmalade. There is no stinting, second helpings when you like, at any meal. This lunch is roast beef, pudding, roast potatoes, and tart to follow. Every boy collects his own straight from hot plates. A solid tea of bread and butter and jam and cakes, and a supper which three times a week includes one of those nourishing milk foods—well, no one could ask more.

Lights out at 9.15 after a bath (to prove you have had it you sign) and there is the food and bathing routine for a growing boy.

I had to inspect the kitchens. Steam-heated water in tanks for each boy to wash his cutlery afterwards; plates washed in three separate processes leaving them spotless. (There are pieces of cork scattered like grapenuts in the roof of this room. They suck up all moisture.)

I wander past vast spotless ovens and steamers, a room for cake making—and the dripping cake was delicious—store rooms for the meat, eggs by the thousand, an automatic washer and peeler for the sack loads of potatoes, urns of milk (each boy has half a pint a day) and a room devoted entirely to slicing bread. This bread is all made at the central bakeries at Halton. Like everything else it is of the very best.

Well, that goes to feed the growing aircraftman. And he needs it, for apart from work there are all the games, including a lot of baseball, owing to lack of sufficient good cricket grounds, boxing, athletics, hockey, both football codes, and the social side, of which more later. The Rugby team has lost only one match in two years, beating easily Eton, and winning also over Oundle and Bedford. The one defeat was by Haileybury. All these matches were played away. And I should add that the inter-wing rivalry is as keen as inter-house rivalry at a school.

Now for the work. The boys arrive in groups twice a year, in January and August, some 600 at a time. Within two weeks they can be sifted into two classes, those who want to be, or are fitted for, the engine side, and those who will be "riggers." Would-be wireless operator mechanics go to Cranwell, and so do instrument makers.

THEY are provided with the necessary tools, which will take them through their three years, and these they keep throughout their training together with files and notebooks, in which they jot down or draw what they have learned.

Work alternates between "the schools" and the workshops, the theoretical and the practical you like, but as these two are so closely allied, I prefer one description used, "the why and the how of flying."

The schedule is divided into six periods of six months each, with regular examinations, so those weak in one subject are given the chance to brush it up, and encouraged to do so.

Every care is given to individuals; it is rare for a boy to have to be put back to a later batch and very rare for a boy to leave as unsuitable.

As I write I have before me a report which is obviously confidential. It refers to a boy who had been absent and lost a lot of time through illness. Special coaching to make up for the lost hours is recommended. All departments are asked to help him to make up for lost time. Instructors were informed to pay special attention to his case. Three hundred and eighty hours of work had been lost. They were made up to him.

To skim through some of the workrooms where the latest recruits are learning the use of precision tools, to the room where various parts are being made from, to me, incomprehensible blue prints

(*Continued on page* 202)

On right — **TRANSLATING THEORY INTO PRACTICE:** Apprentices at work in the big fitting shop at Halton

BRITAIN'S CIVIL DEFENCE CHIEFS: In War-time They Could Assume Dictatorial Powers in Protecting the Civilian Population

SIR EDWARD EVANS
(London)

SIR ERNEST GOWERS
(London)

SIR AUCKLAND GEDDES
(S.E. Region)

MR. HAROLD BUTLER
(South)

SIR HUGH ELLES
(South-west)

LORD DUDLEY
(Midlands)

LORD TRENT
(N. Midlands)

LORD PORTAL
(Wales)

SIR W. FISHER
(North-west)

LORD HARLECH
(North-east)

In the event of war these ten men, together with two others, would be directly responsible to the Government for civil defence in their areas, controlling, among other things, food and water supplies, transport, hospitals, and casualty services. In the event of a breakdown in connections with Whitehall they would assume dictatorial powers

TO TACKLE K.2: These six Americans, who recently arrived in Bombay, are to make an attempt to climb Mount Godwin-Austen (K.2)—the monarch of the Karakorams and the world's second highest peak. The leader is Fritz Wiessner (third from left) who took part in the 1932 expedition to Nanga Parbat

A CALL TO ARMS: Colonel Sir Benjamin Hansford making an appeal for Territorial recruits at the newly established Mansion House recruiting station

A MUCH-DISCUSSED MEETING: All Japan wanted to know why Sir Robert Craigie (left), British Ambassador to Tokyo, went to Shanghai last month where he was met by Sir Herbert Phillips (right), the British Consul-General. Sir Robert told reporters he was on holiday

DR. SCHACHT HAD THE SAME ANSWER as Sir Robert Craigie when asked point-blank what he was doing in India. The former President of the Reichsbank declared that he was simply and solely on holiday and had no political motives whatever in visiting the country

A BIG COMMISSION: Mr. Leonard Huskinson (right), the clever young artist who has designed four large mural panels for the British pavilion at the New York World's Fair, seen with his assistant, Mr. Alan Carr. Owing to the immense size of the panels Mr. Huskinson and Mr. Carr had to use the Slade School. They could find no other studio big enough for the purpose

NEW WAYS WITH FLOWERS

THE boutonnière is back. It flaunts itself on the lapels of neat little suits, it blooms luxuriantly against the shoulder of tailored coats, it nestles in the folded bodices of demure day dresses. It is gay and charming, and this year, if it is not real, at least it must look as though it is. Flowers, in fact, are everywhere, and women are seizing every excuse to wear them.

The lady on the right has crowned her soignee head with the tiniest toque of riotously mixed garden flowers. Daisies and primroses, cloves and cornflowers, hyacinths and camellias, all caught in a mass of coarse veiling.

It comes from Marshall and Snelgrove, and so does the enormous posy of Mayfair flowers sketched on the suit. Here sweet williams and mignonette, pinks, and glossy green leaves are grouped around a rose of deepest red. Such a buttonhole costs 37s. 6d., but in chic is worth its weight in gold.

There is only one alternative to wearing natural blooms and that is to sport immaculate buttonholes composed of white piqué or crisp white broderie Anglaise flowers. Sometimes they have a touch of tender green in the leaves, or maybe brilliant yellow centres, but mostly they are just pure white.

BLOWN-GLASS SWANS and fabled birds, hand-made, in amber, rosaline and aquamarine green, charmingly hold small groups of mixed flowers. Roses, carnations, and palm, produce a lightness of effect that gives each blossom its true value. The swans are made in three sizes

On the left is a three-tiered vase of off-white Fulham pottery, hand-made, and designed to facilitate the arrangement of large bouquets of flowers. Harrods have these in various sizes

VENETIAN TABLE SETTING. Two light ruby cornucopias set on crystal leaves, are filled with mixed flowers and set on either side of a Venetian glass shell. The table is set with ruby-coloured Venetian hock glasses with crystal stems and a Royal Worcester dessert set of early Georgian design, in cobalt blue on white, hand-decorated with real gold. From Harrods

From the tiniest snowdrops and violets to the most rare and exotic blooms Mayfair flowers are so perfect and so supremely natural that it is almost impossible to realise that they are not real. Actually they are all made in the workrooms at Marshall and Snelgrove.

Here is a lady who has pinned a spray of natural pink magnolias to her picture frock, well knowing that the dark green leaves look marvellous against her fair skin. The longer the trail, or the larger the bunch of flowers, the smarter it is at night.

The Feminine Angle

THE DUCHESS OF KENT IN PARIS: Her Royal Highness with Madame Ralli while on a shopping expedition. Apart from buying for the spring she has to consider her forthcoming departure for Australia

TO WED: Lady Elizabeth Paget, who was a train-bearer to the Queen at the Coronation, with her fiancé, Raimund von Hofmannstahl, son of the Austrian poet and dramatist, Hugo von Hofmannstahl. Raimund von Hofmannstahl was formerly married to Miss Alice Astor, wealthy American heiress

On right—
HAPPINESS EPITOMISED: Mr. Derek Martin and Miss Pamela Gresson made a cheerful couple as they left St. Mary's, Cadogan Gardens, after the marriage ceremony

A 1939 BRIDE: Miss Priscilla Adams, only daughter of Commander and Mrs. J. B. Adams, whose engagement has lately been announced to Mr. John Drake Osborne Delano-Osborne, the Royal Scots Fusiliers, only son of Major-General O. H. Delano-Osborne, The Old Palace, Bekesbourne. *On right*—Miss Helen Bennet, America's much photographed camera model, who is now dancing in the Dorchester show

ELLEN REMONSTRATES WITH THE WEAKLING HINDLEY: Flora Robson and Hugh Williams in Samuel Goldwyn's film version of Emily Brontë's *Wuthering Heights*, which had its premiere this week at the Gaumont, Haymarket. Every effort has been made to preserve the north country atmosphere and the cast is almost entirely English

HEATHCLIFF IS DISPLEASED at the appearance of Lockwood within the precincts of the ancient manor house. Laurence Olivier (right) and Miles Mander in a tense moment in the film of Emily Brontë's *Wuthering Heights*

NO PEACE FOR THE POPULAR: John Loder with Danielle Darrieux while holidaying in the French Alps. His holiday was cut short, however, as Warner's called him back to play the lead in the new film *Murder Will Out*

On Stage and Screen

THE DEARTH OF

PROBABLY the main reason for the dearth of good one-act plays is that there is so little inducement nowadays to write such plays at all, since the opportunities for their production are limited in the extreme. At one time almost every full-length play in London, other than musical ones, was preceded by a "curtain-raiser"; very good some of these were and many a dramatist who became famous later on started to feel his way, as it were, in this fashion.

"Curtain-raisers" have disappeared. Recently I heard a rumour that they were to reappear, but it seems to have been a rumour only. Almost the sole way of getting a one-act play, or sketch, acted nowadays is for a well-known actor or actress to appear in it at the Coliseum. Mr. Noel Coward proceeded differently not long ago, when he had three of his one-act plays (all of them first-rate) done at the Phœnix Theatre under the comprehensive title of *To-night at 8.30*. But Noel Cowards are rare and when they crop up are in a condition to dictate their own terms.

Miss Yvonne Arnaud, adorable comedienne of whom we see much too little, has just made what I believe is her Coliseum debut in a new sketch entitled *You Can't Beat Them*. The best I can say of this is that it is better than the sketch written by M. Sacha Guitry which was being performed on that vast stage a week or so before. It has a tenuous little story about a mean husband, his clothes-loving wife, and the, apparently, gold-digging wife of another man. In actual fact it turns out that the wives are in conspiracy to get money out of the brute. But I did not find it amusing, though Miss Arnaud is delicious and her English seems to be much more broken than it was when she first arrived in London a good many years ago now.

Mr. Horace Goldin, the illusionist, had ducks, rabbits and a canary among his coadjutors. I enjoyed his turn and I hope the ducks, the rabbits and the canary did. Joe Termini, from America, showed himself a quaint musical (more or less) clown.

The *La Vie Parisienne* dancers are brilliant when they are doing *Vie Parisienne* stuff, such as the old can-can. But when one of them did a solo to a potted version of Borodin's *Prince Igor* dances, before a back-cloth of palm-trees instead of Russian bleakness, the effect was odd to the point of being pitiful.

"The Sisters" (Film).—Journalists are but rarely depicted on the stage and then only in subordinate parts. Perhaps it is just as well. They are also, usually, drawn with gross inaccuracy of detail and, by Shaw in *The Doctor's Dilemma*, held up to ridicule. Not so on the screen. Newspaper offices figure almost as frequently as backstage scenes, and the reporter is a familiar and popular hero and a helluva fine fellow too.

The reporter hero of *The Sisters* at the Warner is, however, not so heroic as he should be, nor so clean or so sober as real reporters sometimes are. He is, of course, an American reporter; for this is an American film, and he is on the sporting staff of his paper, which may make a difference. He is lovable, because he is played by Mr. Errol Flynn—or it may be that he is played by Mr. Errol Flynn because he is lovable—and his untidiness and unworthiness are there in order to give an opportunity to Miss Bette Davis, whom he marries, to prove that she is far too good for him.

The line that this extremely competent film-actress has to take here is one of sweet-sympathy-plus-the-mothering-instinct, with a dash of self-sacrifice thrown in. For her performance alone the film is well worth seeing. There certainly are two sisters to accompany her and to justify the title, but they are made vague and shadowy figures. It is just as much part of the technique to allow no other female to encroach on the star's preserves as it is to provide an expensive "sensation"—this time the San Francisco earthquake.

"The Four Feathers" (Film).—Mr. A. E. W. Mason is so brilliant a writer of a good tale that a film-producer's work is half done before it is begun, and *The Four Feathers* is one of Mr. Mason's best. However, Mr. Zoltan Korda is not to be denied his share of the laurels which have triumphantly been won by this film at the Odeon. It is a very fine achievement indeed—a human story, with melodrama in plenty, but never of the garish variety, patriotism that at the same time is not vulgarly jingoistic, and spectacle which is superbly and sometimes almost fantastically impressive, but which is not dragged in merely for its own sake and is always subordinate to, as well as an essential part of, the story.

That story, of a young officer who was accused of cowardice but magnificently redeemed his good name, I need not recall in detail, for it is familiar to the millions who have read the novel; the non-readers may even find the film all the more exciting in that all of it is new to them. Technicolor cameras have done their bit, and the actual Sudan

One-Act Plays

A Loss to the Modern Theatre: "The Four Feathers," a Fine Achievement: "The Women" Provides Glittering Wise-cracks at the Lyric. Norma Shearer at Her Worst in "Idiot's Delight"

Reviewed by PHILIP PAGE

background—for the yarn is of Kitchener's Omdurman campaign—and actual natives (apparently by the million) are used.

The hero is played with natural charm by Mr. John Clements, and among his brother officers are Mr. Ralph Richardson, Mr. Jack Allen, and Mr. Donald Gray—and there are no false heroics about any of 'em. Miss June Duprez is the girl who takes the white feather from her fan to shame the man who, she imagined, was not going to fight for his country. She does it very well and it is not her fault that that aspect of womanhood in wartime is so thoroughly detestable. A superb film in every way.

"The Women." — The outstanding fact about Clare Boothe's play, *The Women*, at the Lyric Theatre is not that it should have forty-odd (some of them very odd) women in it and no man, but that it should have been acclaimed on the other side of the Atlantic, as well as, in a milder degree, on this side, a masterpiece of wit and acute observation. A minor mystery is that the censor, who is touchy, and rightly, about so many things designed for public inspection, should have passed this one.

For it is consistently coarse in tone and, what is far worse than coarse, it is vulgar, with a hard glittering vulgarity which might have made it tolerable and even amusing as a twenty-minute revue sketch; in its 8.15—11.15 form it is, to say the least, indigestible.

Let us first take its wit. I dislike this play intensely, but I am not going to be such an ass as to pretend that it is devoid of wit. Not that the word "masterpiece" can be applied for one moment to this aspect of it. The American "wise-crack" is now almost as familiar here as it is in its own country—the films have seen to that. The slickness and pertness of "wise-cracks" can be highly diverting; but a little of that mixture of quick thinking and unveiled rudeness goes a long way, and the wit of *The Women* takes on no other form at any time.

These nasty viragos of all ages who, most of them, spend the whole of the play in a bad temper and wallowing in cattiness—and occasionally in alcohol—insult each other very deftly. Unfortunately, after a short while I found that deftness ceasing either to beguile or to amuse me since it became only too easy to spot what the reply to any given opening inevitably would be. Also, when one woman, for instance, exhorts another to be plucky by saying "Keep your chin up!" I knew that it would follow, as the night the day, that another would chime in with "Both of them!" The essence of true wit is the unexpected element; Miss Boothe shows you how her nimble brain is working—and I grant that it is nimble—as patently as if her skull had been lifted. (The "wise-crack" accompaniment to that would be on the lines of having one's face lifted.)

Now for the human observation. That we can take as read. Miss Boothe, being a woman and an American, naturally knows more about American women than an English male. But this is only a specialised gang of American women, selected for their unpleasantness, their wealth and their amorous and gold-digging propensities. Such women exist, of course, in all countries, but the type grows in greater profusion in New York than in any other part of the world, largely because in that city the rich male is duly kept in his place as a payer of bills for female mates, official or otherwise, who delight in decking themselves out expensively, having expensive baths, massages and beauty treatments, drinking too many expensive drinks and telling the unvarnished truth to and about each other and sometimes tearing each other's hair with expensively varnished nails.

If that is considered typical of the average richly-idle American woman I would emphatically say that it is not. Miss Boothe has, however, cleverly herded a score or more of the really nasty ones into one pen for her own purpose.

She has provided a plot of sorts for them, concerning a married woman really in love with her husband. The part was not very convincingly played by Miss Karen Peterson, who seemed overwhelmed by the general blatancy surrounding her. That husband dashed off with a blonde (Miss Claire Carleton—excellent) but she got him back again, though probably not for keeps. All the acting was pretty good, including that of a child named "Little Mary" who was so realistically repulsive that she gave me a pain in mine.

A TALE OF PIRACY AND SUDDEN DEATH: Leslie Banks as Joss, the brutal landlord and leader of the smugglers, with Marie Ney, who plays the part of his terrorised wife, and Maureen O'Hara, as the girl heroine, in an episode from the Pommer-Laughton "Mayflower" production, *Jamaica Inn*. Alfred Hitchcock is directing the picture

"Idiot's Delight" (Film).—"Films like *Idiot's Delight* don't often happen," writes the film critic of a Sunday paper for whose circulation I have the greatest admiration. I only wish I could think so. I fear, however, that that comforting reflection is not based on fact. So many expensive films are as bad as this, though few of them, perhaps, quite so excruciatingly bad. An effective and rather subtle play has been turned into an incredible affair: as the author has done the turning he has no one to blame but himself. But the acting, for the most part, is in the same category of foolishness.

Miss Norma Shearer, having shown us a Ginger Rogerish Marie Antoinette (except that Ginger Rogers is a far better actress), now displays to no advantage a ludicrous blonde wig and a performance to match it.

Malvern Festival. — Fears that Malvern Drama Festival may not be held in August, writes a columnist in *The Stage*, have been, in some measure, allayed by a statement by Roy Limbert, lessee of Malvern theatre. Although last year's festival broke the records in money taken, a small loss was apparently incurred. The Malvern Council spent £1,500 on improvements at the theatre, and the Malvern Development Association was responsible for substantial sums for publicity for the festival, as well as for Malvern. This expenditure did not, however, take any of the financial burden of actual production costs from Mr. Limbert's shoulders—more than £6,000. There are prospects of the Malvern Development Association launching an appeal to ratepayers to raise a guarantee fund to ensure the continuance of the festival.

"HASTE TO THE SHORE, THE STORM IS NIGH": Edith Coates as Thirza, and John Wright as Mark, her lover, set out to light the warning beacon. A scene from the opera, *The Wreckers*, which has just been revived at Sadler's Wells

STRANGE RITES OF THE BEKTASHIS:

A Curious Albanian Sect and its Customs

AN ABBOT OF THE MYSTERIOUS BEKTASHI sect which has its headquarters in Albania and numbers some 750,000 adherents. One-fifth of Albania's million inhabitants are Bektashis. Bektashism was founded at the beginning of the fourteenth century by a Persian and its adherents adopted the trappings of Muhammadanism in order that they might propagate their doctrines throughout the Islamic world. Bektashism is a philosophy rather than a religion, with little outward ceremony; its mysteries are extremely closely guarded secrets which are revealed to adherents by stages

THE most respected of the many sects into which Albanian Muslims have separated themselves are the Bektashis. Entrance into this order is extremely difficult, and the tests, both of physical courage and mental ability, are said to be immensely severe. By some secret sign they can distinguish one another, and not a word of their beliefs or rituals will they whisper to an uninitiate. They worship privately, and are considered with some fearfulness by both the peasantry and the lower orders, which are said to include sword-swallowers, fire-eaters, weight-lifters, etc. I never saw any of these, as the only chance I had was prevented by a by no means unusual breakdown of transport.

But I spent the inside of three days in a Bektashi monastery witnessing what must be one of the most extraordinary festivals in Europe. Dating, legend tells us, from the time when Albania was the Illyria of Homer this festival, it is believed, has been held every year throughout the rise and fall of ages, and has been held in honour of Christian and Muhammadan deities as well as pagan. But it is difficult to disentangle from the imaginative and half-forgotten tales of the country people who these deities were or when exactly the changes took place. The present object of devotion is one Baba Ali, about whom many remarkable tales are told, but so little different from the legends that surround the lives of most spiritual figures that they seem at once too familiar and too uncertain to repeat.

The festival takes place about the middle of August and lasts four or five days. People come from up to a week's journey away, bringing with them sickly children and animals for healing as well as the pick of their flock for presentation to the monastery, and a specially selected ram. Perched above on an old unsteady pony, on a hard and very precarious pack-saddle, I followed a scarcely broken procession up the steep sides of Mount Tomor, which is held by people of that region to be the highest (and therefore the most sacred) mountain in Albania. The journey took all day, and it was nearly dark when I was led to a tiny white-washed room within the entrance court to the monastery. Outside, the ground was covered with sleeping and squatting forms; only a few had any kind of shelter, the honoured ones only being given accommodation within the monastery.

At about 4 a.m. next morning we rode again, still upwards, to where a pocket of still unfrozen snow from the preceding winter caused great disorder to the party. Sheep and goats scurried from side to side of the path, their bells ringing maddeningly, and the ponies stumbled and shied on the slippery, twisty path that led to the mountain top. As we approached, and I tried to see through the thick white fog which clung damply round us, it seemed at first that the higher of the twin mountain summits was barren, and that I, leading the group, should be the first to tread the holy ground. But as we drew nearer I realised that the black cap I had taken to be rock was a thick swarm of people, who had slept there through the bitter night, building themselves small smoky fires behind little cairns.

The hill was crowned with a small circular wall enclosing what was said to be the grave of Baba Ali. Within this wall a bearded dervish stood, collecting the candles and alms that the people brought him. He gave them in return a handful of oatseed grown in the monastery, which, scattered over a farmer's crops, would bring prosperity; or he gave a disappointed wife a blessing which would ensure her bearing a son to redeem her honour. Some of the women told me that they had come for the same purpose every year for five, eight and ten years, yet still their faith remained. Or perhaps they liked the meeting with their friends, and the farings of coloured soap and embroidered trifles that enterprising tradesman had carried up to the crowd.

(*Continued on page 202*)

THE WORLD OF BOOKS

When Queen Victoria Held the Domestic Reins

E. F. Benson Tells of Her Powerful Influence Over Her Daughters

By VERNON FANE

QUEEN VICTORIA'S personal history has always been a fascinating one for biographers whether they treated their subject with the conventional respect due to a sovereign or enjoyed the irony of a Lytton Strachey. What remains after all's said and all's read about this extraordinary woman is that she was the outstanding figure of the nineteenth century and that she had, to a degree that is almost unknown now, the quality of dignity.

Mr. E. F. Benson writes of her family life as it concerned her daughters and herself and this, since it is a change from the all too familiar Victoria and Albert theme, is all the more a contribution to our knowledge of her. **DAUGHTERS OF QUEEN VICTORIA** (Cassell. 12s. 6d.), although it touches on the Prince Consort and on the affection with which his girls surrounded him, and although it frequently makes mention of the future Edward VII, existing on a "cosy £100,000 a year," is first and last a portrait of a mother and her daughters.

"All alike had found in their mother firm and unfailing comfort," writes Mr. Benson of the five princesses, most of whom were scattered by marriage across Europe. "In turn they had rendered her the eager obedience of devotion to one who was not only their loving mother but their Queen. Again and again in the letters of the two eldest daughters this double aspect is apparent. They thank her, with recognition for the honour done them, for some deed of kindness to them or theirs, and 'kiss her dear hands.' This was no empty phrase . . . the reverence was real, and so far from imposing formality on filial affection, it enhanced it. The two emotions were fused together and the conscious sense of loyalty was one with love."

There was, too, the reverse side of the picture. When her eldest daughter married the Crown Prince of Prussia and went to Berlin to take up her life there in the stiffest and most watchful society in Europe, the Queen made her position quite intolerable by her constant letters, not so much of advice as of instructions, so that the poor girl was accused, on one side of "not leaving the Englishwoman at home," and on the other of lacking in duty to her parent.

When Princess Alice married Prince Louis of Hesse, a wedding long delayed in spite of the obvious affection of the young couple, because of the Queen's wish to keep her daughter at home, the ceremony which should have been so happy was practically turned into a memorial service for the Prince Consort. Everybody cried heartily "and tears rolled down the Archbishop's cheeks."

The Queen thought her grandson William a fine fat child, but her views on his upbringing led as near to a quarrel as was possible between her and the Crown Princess. Even when her daughters were women of a mature age, used to their own courts and their domestic discipline, letters would continue to pour in on them, heavily underlined and full of imperious suggestions as to the way they should order their lives.

When her own mother died the Queen retired in a state of almost hysterical misery for some months and this although they had not had a particularly devoted relationship. She fed her unhappiness and insisted on it even in letters to her Ministers, but it is fair to say that she shared and suffered deeply in her children's own bereavements.

Books will still be written about Queen Victoria in a hundred years' time and biographers will still be making estimates of her character, but it will be a long time before anyone writes a more polished or a more comprehensive study than this on the most lovable aspect of one of England's great queens.

When Miss G. B. Stern finds or contrives a subject to suit her, she is off on her literary horse at full gallop. Then she writes with zest, as if she were enjoying the whole thing hugely and inviting the reader to collaborate with her in appreciating or despising or otherwise relishing the characters whose peculiarities she has so generously portrayed.

For there is nothing niggardly about Miss Stern in this mood, and her new novel, **THE WOMAN IN THE HALL** (Cassell. 8s. 6d.), is definitely, and I hold justifiably, two novels in one. I applaud this prodigality on the worthy grounds that one can't have too much of a good thing, and I recommend the novel as being the best of her non-Matriarch stories.

This, talking of rackets, deals with one that is particularly ignoble, though well recognised—the racket of the begging letter, or rather of the begging appearance. Miss Stern's beggar is a woman with two children and considerable virtuosity, who varies her tale and her tone to suit her audience and earns a reasonable competence in this way alone. Her two little girls, growing up to realise the meanness of these advances, suffer a great deal but ineffectually.

As they grow up they are able to make lives for themselves, but their mother, even after a financially successful marriage, is not in the least reformed. It is an excellent story and is told with immense gusto.

It is difficult to connect the author of **ROSES IN DECEMBER** (Michael Joseph. 7s. 6d.) with the author of that sincere and courageous autobiography *Sinabada*, yet both were written by Miss Elinor Mordaunt, and even in this oppressive new novel of hers there are glimpses of the rare perception which made the telling of her own life story such a memorable thing.

For the fact is that the heroine of Miss Mordaunt's latest story is an unconscionable bore. She is sensitive, introspective, timid and mildly affectionate. In other words she dithers, and since her ditherings occupy the greater part of the novel's length one has to be an excessively sympathetic reader not to be irritated by what ceases to be delicious feminine frailty about page 259 and becomes ordinary spinelessness about page 324.

Miss Mordaunt's Caroline is twice-married as her story opens and approaching her third wedding at its end, although still a comparatively young woman. There is, though, no gay Hollywood casualness about these changes of partner. There is nothing gay about Caroline at all, and up to the last page her story has been one of a series of useless sacrifices.

Her first husband is a secret drinker and at his death it is rumoured that she killed him. Her second is a really exhibition specimen of invertebrate who is dominated by his black-browed sister and avoids all serious discussion by the simple manœuvre of turning his head away. Successively saddled with these two creatures it is small wonder that Caroline droops and that one's interest droops with her. What is surprising is that the author should have allowed this to happen, for, as one knows, her real *genre* is far from this, and she is one of the very few women whom one could imagine as the writer of a picaresque novel.

While browsing about one day in the London Library it occurred to Mr. Mark Benney that there were no biographies of stupid men to be found, "not a single instance of a biographer setting forth, with fine, careful reverence, the anatomy of stupidity." This, thought Mr. Benney, was a lamentable gap in our literature, and to remedy it he set himself to write the life story of a "vast, vague, lonely creature, of unpredictable thoughts and aleatory actions, who has absorbed and acted out all modern absurdities. . . ."

There is in London to-day, and if you know Soho you may well have seen him, a strange figure called "Professor" Jack Neave. He has immensely thick shoulders—he was once a professional strong man—an iron boot and, when he takes off his hat with his customary flourish, he reveals a plait of dark hair which he drapes over his shoulder. When Mr. Benney told him of his intention to write a biography Neave urged that their first meeting should be represented as at the Café Royal.

"It's only a nacciden we met in a dive. It ain't my natchrel environment," he pleaded, but Mr. Benney was adamant and though I am not certain whether his book will find favour with the "professor," it has the merits of a very neat and very intelligent conjuring trick, an analysis of next-to-nothing; a reasoned review of a quite unreasonable person.

WHAT ROUGH BEAST (Peter Davies. 8s. 6d.) is worth reading, not as a social document, you may be relieved to hear, but as a very curious example of an old saw finding justification. For the purposes of biography "Ironfoot Jack" was the writer's meat, but whether the reader is going to have the same reaction to him I vigorously doubt. He has been a showman, a soapbox orator (by ironic conjunction of words), an amateur Houdini and the founder of a new religious sect. He also ran a club for a short time with the sad sequel of a term of imprisonment.

As he declared in the witness stand: "I tried to give Art en Booty ter the world. En this is what it gives *me*—a cup ev bitterness!"

Mr. Benney has a mocking affection for his subject, and, with justice, he traces many of his aberrations back to the bitterly hard, unhappy childhood. Such sublime complacence and such perfectly sincere aspirations as he has towards that Art en Booty the writer ascribes to a nature that has somehow retained the innocence and the fantasies of a child.

This England . . .

The Stretton Hills from Wenlock Edge, Salop

"ON Wenlock Edge the wood's in trouble . . ." and truly a gale is the greatest turmoil you will find in Shropshire nowadays. Yet this quiet fertile land was once an endless battleground—Offa making his dyke, Edward the Elder driving out the Danes, the Normans building nigh a fifth of their great castles here to hold the raiding Welsh, and Civil War to add its bitterness. Out of this storm is come wise sweetness and a gentle strength—thus does our England ripen. And curious it is that old English things like your Worthington, mime in some sort her history. For here, too, out of the strong and lusty ferment is resolved, by time and loving care, the rich maturity that is our English good.

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GIBRALTAR UNDER IRONSIDE

(Continued from page 184)

all-round defences from the pretty incredible condition they were in.

It is hoped that one half of a projected ten rock-shelters will be completed quite soon, with seating accommodation, stores, laid-on water, and lavatories. Each will be quite close to a thickly-inhabited quarter, "the principle," I was told, "being that people must be within two minutes of safety. We shall have no twenty minutes' warning here as Dover could give. So we are planning on the 'rabbit warren' system—people will bunk down their funk-holes directly they hear the sirens which, by the way, caused a lot of trouble because the wind blows from every quarter at once at 'Gib.' They could not be heard until we got terrific steam ones."

For the low-lying business centre of the town a big shelter is to be constructed under Commercial Square. Houses cannot be strengthened by building them up, because they are mostly erected in sand. The civilian population is paying for A.R.P. The Governor has a sum of £600,000 apart to draw upon, this being the colony's own funds.

"If we had adequate A.A. fire no one would bomb us. They'd be brought down like partridges," I was told. All I shall venture here is that the splendid 4·3-in. is now arriving on top of the 3·7's, and that very soon the pre-Ironside pieces can be put very much in reserve.

The two danger points for a rush landing at the Rock are the long sandy beach forming the eastern border of the neutral zone, and near Rosia Bay, round by the new docks. A constant look-out, any number of machine-guns and searchlights, are Gibraltar's first protection. On the harbour side the machine-guns, quite invisible, cover everywhere, and the Governor would command events from any advanced post connected to every part of the defence system.

Has the garrison enough men to form a reserve necessary for such pushing back? It is a vital matter. Even if a landing enemy could not dislodge us from the upper Rock, or from the north end of it, he could in a very short while blow up the docks and stores and dumps and water supplies—those on the surface—destroy much of the intricate system of defence communications, and wreak havoc in the town.

The Spaniards are well aware that we are putting searchlights on the La Linea frontage and planning an aerodrome, and arranging for mining, and putting up wire entanglements and anti-tank obstacles including a great water one. If any attack came from La Linea, the zone would be devastated.

Gibraltar's Governor is presiding over a colossal food and water storage plan to meet a possible investment. In the siege of the 1780's a garrison of several thousand held out for four years thanks to small food and water ships perpetually running the blockade. We should control the sea now but other factors render any thought of running supplies to the Rock unpalatable. Gibraltar must live on itself as long as it humanly can, in which respect the wonderful latter-day advance in canning has been a godsend. Merely as an appetiser, I was shown where canned vegetables for many months are stocked, and the refrigerator wherein 900 tons of meat reposes, while if it rains "good and proper" before the summer, the water reserve should reach the desired 14,000,000 gallons. Private dwellings have a further immense reserve.

Essentially the Governor's major efforts have been directed at "putting everything underground," and it fairly amazed to hear how things had been exposed in the past, vital cables, wireless, fuel, petrol. All oil and petrol will shortly be buried away out of sight, whereas until recently much of it lay about the docks in heaps of barrels," and one bomb exploding in the middle would have set the whole dockyard in flames."

As envoi to the Rock, I would put matters somewhat like this: It will not be taken by anyone. Troglodytes in the Rock are inexpugnable, not to be put out. An enemy might, could, smash the town and port but not prevail against the defences. At the worst our defenders could retreat inside the Rock. But this does not mean that the place can be used as intended, as a dock and a port, *if Spain is opposed to us*. In that event Gibraltar could still close the Straits—so dreaded by Italy—but she could not keep them open if Spain concentrated gunfire from Algeciras and from Ceuta.

I left Gibraltar under the impression that if General Ironside is backed up sufficiently, he or his successor, should the General be called away to a bigger command in the general conflict that threatens, could hold at least the main part of the Rock through a long war.

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

Last Sunday (St. George's Day) marked the ANNIVERSARY of the founding of that old established Society, The Shaftesbury Homes and *Arethusa* Training Ship, which for ninety-six years has been helping homeless, destitute, orphaned and other poor children, bringing hope into often hopeless lives and providing them with a home in deed as well as name. At the present time some 1,165 children are under the Society's care, in addition to the 34,537 who have gone forth into the world, fitted to take up the tasks which lie ahead of them. The need for these Homes and Ship is as great to-day as ever. Will readers of THE SPHERE send an anniversary gift to this great work? Donations will be gratefully acknowledged from the Headquarters at 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

THE "PRETORIA CASTLE" STARTS OUT ON HER CAREER

The Union-Castle liner *Pretoria Castle*, of 17,392 tons gross, the fourteenth new vessel to be commissioned by the company since 1935, left London on April 20 for Antwerp, Rotterdam and Hamburg, and will set out on her maiden voyage to Africa on May 5. She is a motor-ship with accommodation for 220 1st-class and 355 tourist passengers

FOR FAST TOURING: The new Daimler 2½-litre sports tourer. Its gearing is new to Daimler and consists of three gears and a high overdrive gear for cruising up to 90 m.p.h. Mr. R. Crouch drove this car in the R.A.C. Rally which ends at Brighton to-day

WHO LEADS?

How the Junior Car Club Seeks to Simplify Things For the Motor Racing Spectator

THE next important event on the British motor racing calendar is the International Trophy to be held at Brooklands on May 6. This race has several features of unusual interest and has attracted as fine an entry as could be gathered together in this country. The Junior Car Club are the organisers, and when it is remembered that they were the first body ever to organise a long distance race in England, it is not surprising that in the International Trophy they have incorporated some unusual features.

The average spectator at any motor race meeting where the circuit is not more than 4 miles in length has always the greatest difficulty in ascertaining how many laps the various competitors have completed. Organisers have in the past evolved weird, wonderful and complicated scoring boards for the sole purpose of keeping lap scoring correct and up to the minute. Much money has been spent and perhaps wasted in such efforts but practically all the schemes have been dropped. Anyway, it has been decided by most organisers that the public are likely to be less confused if they are given the number of laps completed only by the leading cars. In some cases the laps are given of the first six cars. In spite of this information, I do not anticipate that the public, particularly if they allow their attention to be taken away from the race even for a minute, have a particularly easy task in following the fortunes of the various competitors. The position, however, is made even more difficult in the majority of races on account of handicapping.

For instance, the spectator having with a certain amount of difficulty discovered who has completed the greatest number of laps cannot in any way be certain that this competitor is the leader. True, the programmes of these long distance races print elaborate tables and schedules with the object of assisting the bewildered spectator in making the necessary calculations from his observations to discover which competitor of perhaps the thirty in the race who, if he and all the others carry on as they are doing, will first receive the chequered flag.

A few years ago the Junior Car Club tackled this difficulty and achieved instant success. As there are not a sufficient number of cars of more or less equal performance in this country to warrant running a scratch race the J.C.C. realised that there must be a handicap of some description. Instead of allotting the various competitors so many seconds start on the scratch man, or of presenting credit laps to the slower cars, they evolved the ingenious idea of making one part of their circuit a three- or four-carriage drive section. They use these "drives" or "channels" for the purpose of segregating their competitors according to classes.

The fastest batch have to race through the most tortuous channel on every lap, the other channels being graded down to the last which is for the slowest cars and these usually are given a perfectly straight through course. The advantage of this scheme is that the competitors automatically handicap themselves on each lap. All the cars are started together, and the first man home is the winner. Likewise, to the joy of the once-bewildered spectator, whatever car is leading at any particular moment is definitely the actual leader of the race. This method of handicapping, efficient and ingenious as it is, requires a very wide road for its adoption, and so it is doubtful if it could be used anywhere else in this country except Brooklands, where the track is practically 200 ft. wide at that part of the course where the channels are placed.

The Petrol World

By A. PERCY BRADLEY

Another interesting feature in the International Trophy is the running start. The organisers are the only club in this country that has adopted this type of start which is used for the famous Indianapolis race in America. Certainly it is the most awe-inspiring sight to witness. Thirty of the fastest racing cars in the country following behind a pilot car for a whole lap of Brooklands, and then when the cavalcade passes a certain point the pilot car draws into the side and the competitors who have jockeyed for favourable positions tear ahead and the race is on.

As I said before, the entry for this event on May 6 could not be bettered and includes many interesting cars and personalities. It has been definitely announced that one, if not two, of the latest British E.R.A. cars which have not yet competed anywhere will make their first appearance. In view of the fact that a special British Motor Racing Fund has recently been inaugurated for the express purpose of assisting E.R.A. cars, the performance of these new models will be eagerly watched. "Bira" will be competing in his first race of the year and has given up the Tripoli race in favour of the Brooklands event. Incidentally, it will be the first occasion anywhere in the world that a racing car bearing the new Siamese colours will compete. It will likewise be Lord Howe's first race in England during the present season.

Not only does the Junior Car Club display originality in connection with their racing fixtures but they frequently lead the way even in their social functions. In 1936 they organised and carried out most successfully the first motor rally of British cars in America. This year they are repeating the venture and the members and their cars will sail for New York on the *Mauretania* when this fine ship goes on her maiden voyage. The party are assured of wonderful hospitality, various important organisations will welcome them, and on their initial drive through New York the British cars and their drivers will be escorted by mobile police. Visits will be paid to the New York World's Fair, the G-men's headquarters at Washington, a big motor factory at Detroit and the cars will be driven round the famous Indianapolis track.

THE DAIMLER VOGUE

as interpreted by famous coachbuilders

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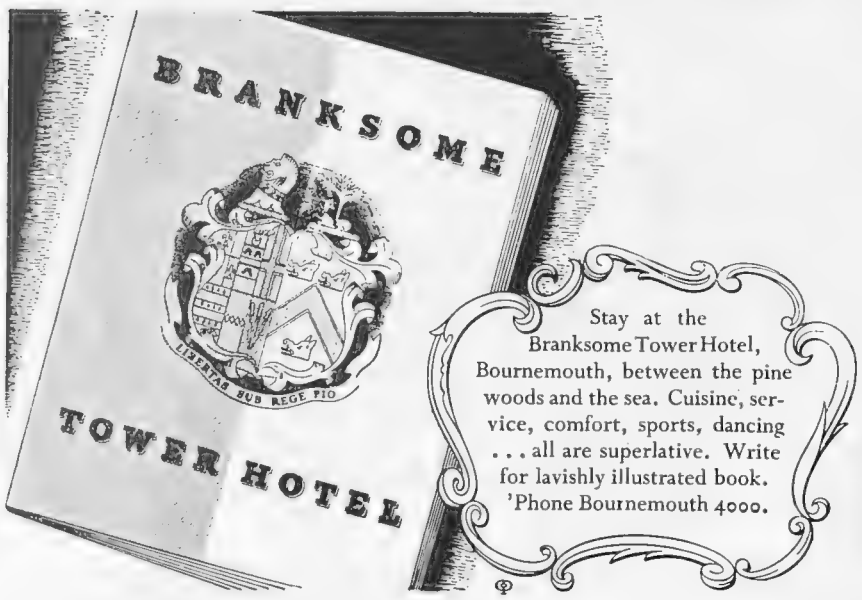

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NOTES *from* NEAR *and* FAR

Egypt in Summer: Winter Sports Continue at Scheidegg: Special Spring Attractions in Florence

MOSUL.—The completion of the 16 miles of railway from Sabuniyah to Mosul adds another link to the English Channel–Persian Gulf rail plan, in other words the overland route to India. Trains are now running to ancient Mosul, which to-day is an attractive city and a busy commercial centre. In the neighbourhood are two mounds which mark the site of Nineveh. The remaining road link—and a good road, too—is between Mosul and Kirkuk through pleasant and often fertile country inhabited by Kurds. It takes about six hours by car. From Kirkuk there is a line through Bagdad to Basra at the head of the Persian Gulf.

It is the line which has been built north from Bagdad to Baiji, following the course of the Tigris, which will ultimately establish the link with Mosul, and this is some 50 miles west of the Kirkuk route.

Some day, perhaps, they will tunnel the Bosphorus which separates Turkey in Europe from Turkey in Asia, but in the meantime this section of the journey will continue to be made by ferry craft between Istanbul and Haydarpasa, quite a short run providing an interesting panorama.

HAWKERS OF THE SEA offer their fine lace to cruising visitors at Madeira. When they make a sale they send the goods up to the liner by a ropeway

Seaside Egypt.—There is a very die-hard tradition that Egypt has its season from about December to April, and that nobody from this part of the world goes there at any other time. Of course, it is nonsense, and I will guarantee that on our August Bank Holiday Stanley Bay at Alexandria is one of the gayest places in the Mediterranean. As you know, King Farouk has a summer residence, the Palace of Ras-el-tin, at the water's edge, and there is a beautiful coast drive of some 16 miles.

Considerable improvements for the benefit of the holiday makers have been made at the resorts in recent times and you might well consider a stay at Damietta, Abukir, Port Said, Ras-el-Bar, or Rosetta —where the famous keystone was found. In the Western Desert there is Mersa Matruh, with an immense beach, and Suez at the southern end of the canal has the added attraction of being within a few miles of mountain scenery. There is always the novelty of the Oriental setting.

This is an aspect of summer travel which should appeal to those with generous vacations. You can get accommodation in Alexandria from 10s. a day, and the steamship lines have special summer rates. Of course, there is no need to eliminate all thoughts of the great things in travel for which Egypt stands. Cairo is three hours by train from Alexandria, and the most enthusiastic beach bather will not be able to resist a day or two in the capital. Who, indeed, would dare to come back from a holiday in Egypt and confess to not having been to the Pyramids?

Winter Sports Still.—Only a couple of weeks ago I encountered a party setting out from Victoria for a fortnight at winter sports in Switzerland. True, they were the last party of the season, but conditions at Scheidegg were reported to be excellent; in fact, there will probably be sports there until the end of May. This resort is also among the first to open at the beginning of December.

Winter sports are also in progress in Italy. At Campo Imperatore, on the slopes of the Gran Sasso d'Italia, on May 7 the Giant Slalom and Downhill races for the Aguila Trophy and Fisi Cup will be held at this popular centre of the Abruzzi.

Spring festivals, however, are coming along in the valleys. There is one on Lake Como, lasting well into May, and at Brunati on the 21st the festival of the Narcissus will be in full swing. On the same day Savona has a battle of flowers. Sorrento is doing special honour to the orange.

Florence.—Florence never seems to be without some attraction supplementing the interests it has collected through the centuries. On May 7, a football match in sixteenth-century costume will be played by teams from the two sides of the Arno on the Piazza della Signoria, which is the very heart of Florence. It will probably draw as big a crowd as ever, for the city has many visitors for the Medici Exhibition and the musical festival, and they will not be above joining the throng for an occasion celebrated throughout the land.

The piazza in the past was a much smaller place, the removal of the churches, palaces, and other buildings having given it the present ample dimensions. It has staged a cavalcade of history from festivals of St. John, when Florence received homage from its dependencies, to the dramatic scenes in the life of the monk Savonarola.

Then, from May 11 to 28, an Arts and Crafts Fair will be held in the city.

The temporary "palazzo" which housed the eight preceding fairs has given place to a fine permanent building expressly adapted to the display of the varied exhibits. The fair provides the opportunity of seeing artisans actually at work at their various crafts.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

The following are some of many replies recently sent to readers who have addressed queries to "The Sphere" Travel Bureau. Every letter is answered individually, and we publish these particular examples as being of interest to prospective travellers generally.

In Home Waters.—Tours in which sea voyages by coasting steamers are a feature are arranged by Cooks. They are for periods of from six to seventeen days, and include numerous shore excursions in Scotland. You will find their handbook, *Sea Voyages around the British Coasts*, useful.

Thun.—This picturesque town which gives its name to the lake is a very good centre for excursions in the Bernese Oberland. It commands fine views of the Jungfrau. There are plenty of facilities for sport; a bathing beach and Kursaal. The Hotel Thunerof, in lovely grounds on the lakeside, is recommended.

Southern France.—We think you might be attempting too much for a period of three weeks, and suggest you go to Avignon and district, then on to Grenoble and across to Le Puy and Clermont Ferrand. Alternatively, if you wish to see the coast you could take a train from Avignon to Marseilles, and then take the coach along the coast. You may like to make a break at Marseilles, and we recommend the Guillon Hotel which is near the station, *en pension* 45 francs per day. You could also stop at Cavalaire, a delightful little place where we recommend the Grand Hotel Pardigon, which charges from about 35 francs per day. At Cannes we suggest the Londres, 40 to 70 francs per day.

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ISOLATION AND THE U.S.

(Continued from page 178)

was reported that even within these classifications the goods that the Brazilians received were of an inferior quality. As a result, the present Brazilian Government turned to the United States, and received a rather more than cordial welcome.

None of this is surprising; but there is a great deal more that is surprising. Brazil and Uruguay are at present the only Latin-American countries with a very friendly feeling for the United States, and that feeling is quite recent. Furthermore, in Brazil it may not outlast the present government, which, in the manner of Latin-American governments, may last for forty years or may vanish to-morrow; or, if it lasts, may change its policies completely.

Both Argentina and Mexico are definitely hostile to the United States, and none of the other Latin-American countries is excessively cordial. Yet Senator Key Pittman of Nevada has introduced a bill authorising the sale of arms and military secrets to all Latin-American countries, as part of a movement to organise them, under the ægis of the United States, to fight in defence of liberty and democracy in the western hemisphere.

This is the more curious because, not only are the Latin-American countries largely indifferent to the U.S., but also they have never been, they are not now, nor are they likely to become democratic.

This is not necessarily an adverse criticism of the Latin-American countries. It is simply a statement of fact. It is reasonably clear that democracy is not the acceptable basis of government for all nations and races. But the fact is important to note as a fact, because it means that the United States is seeking alliances with Latin-America, countries which do not necessarily love the States or their method of government.

This movement seems to indicate that the United States is firmly convinced that the day is not far off when it will need allies.

I think that this is the necessary interpretation to place upon the move because I am sure that the United States Government is fully aware of the history, the character, and the present tendencies of Latin-American governments and peoples. I do not believe that they are hopeful of any great military aid from Latin-America.

But, if they can keep Germany, Italy, and Japan out of Mexico and out of Brazil—if they could by any chance keep them out of the western hemisphere—and if they could secure satisfactory Latin-American trade treaties, they would have accomplished a great deal.

I should think further that the final implication of all this is that in the event of war the United States will not wait for its natural democratic allies in Europe to be defeated before it begins to fight.

Nelson Springer

ANXIOUS NEUTRALITY

(Continued from page 178)

Civil confusion has been the cause of much uneasiness among the true friends of Belgium, and of cynical speculation among certain great powers who believe it to be their mission to resolve their neighbours' internal dissensions by transforming their territories into "protectorates." When, on the dissolution of the Belgian Parliament a few weeks ago, as the result of a political crisis which arose over the nationality question, the *Volkischer Beobachter* informed its readers that the result of the Belgian electoral campaign might well be of critical significance for Europe, there were those who read something sinister into that remark.

I do not suppose the *Volkischer Beobachter's* remark had anything to do with the surprising change which took place in Belgian electoral tactics; but the German annexation of Czechoslovakia did. It pulled the Belgians up with a jerk. It reminded the Walloon and the Fleming that they were, first of all, Belgians; and an election which had begun with broken heads and shrieks of extremist delight, proceeded with unusual calm, and ended in an atmosphere almost of solemnity. In Flanders, voters went first to the polls and then to the church, and I got the impression that their behaviour in both places was almost identical. In Brussels, it was first to the polls and then to the café, and not a single brickbat was thrown. In one café I overheard a man say: "The electorate haven't voted on the *affaire Maartens*, or on the linguistic question, or on the Socialist policy of inflation—they've simply voted against a repetition of Czechoslovakia!"

Belgium's only fear is that, as in the nineteenth century, the struggle between the "Napoleonic" front and the "anti-aggression" may be concentrated upon her territory. It is that fear which makes her cling with desperation to the straw of neutrality.

Roy Elston

HALTON—THE PUBLIC SCHOOL OF THE AIR

(Continued from page 190)

was a heartening experience. Every boy seemed to have his heart in the work. They clustered round the instructors, listening to every word; they questioned each other as to where and when; the instructors seemed glad to answer any question; in fact, it was a mass of concentration such as I have never seen at a school of any other kind. They were so fascinated, stripping carburettors, magnetos, whole engines, preparatory to assembling them again that you could almost see their fingers itching to be at work on a complete aeroplane.

Some were at work on wings or floats, repairing intentionally inflicted damage with solder and rivets, others making up wings ready to be fitted to a fuselage—and then taken off and refitted. Some were learning how to splice ropes and wires, others taking a short course in carpentry. Grand men about the house they are going to make when they get married!

I now set out to tour "the schools" or theoretical side.

The schools seem miles away, and turn out to be like school lecture-rooms or laboratories. Here the boys spend about eight hours a week.

Sixty education officers work in the schools, and some of them are brushing up their knowledge from experts or studying in the fine library as we pass through.

The electrical laboratory, the engine room, the testing of fuel consumption, of electrical output, of braking power, the demonstrations in the Material Laboratory of the effect of heat, of the measurement of stress and torque on metals—no wonder the youths are kept interested learning "how and why." And if in the course of their three years they forget anything, their course supplies a period for revision.

They do not fly at all—that may come later if they are one of the brilliant fortunate few to go as a cadet to Cranwell, as a certain number do every year.

STRANGE RITES OF THE BEKTASHIS

(Continued from page 196)

But it was a little way down the other side of the hill that the real excitement was going on. As I joined the crowd, only dim, damp figures in the mist, it seemed that time dropped down into the foggy chasms between the mountain-peaks; for in the middle of the crowd a frantic dervish with a red beard and a deep yellow gown was waving a bloodstained knife. At first I thought he had acute homicidal mania, but between the laughter and the shrieks of the crowd, I learned that they had pushed him into the slaughter-pit in their interest and anxiety for speed. In a moment, as the circle widened, the dervish was calm again, and continuing his work of slitting open the necks of the struggling, terrified rams, so that the blood fell exactly into a slit of the mountain, and the sacrifice might be effective. This hotch-potch of religion and legend and old mountain superstition was believed and obeyed without wonder.

After the sacrifice the sheep was hastily skinned, the heart, liver, kidneys, etc., roasted on a stick over one of the smoking fires and eaten and the rest of the meat packed on to a pony's back and taken to the home village of the peasant as quickly as possible, there to be given in alms. Anonymous gifts to the ill and needy in the villages around were believed to come from the monastery. The mountain top was deep with rams' horns and spattered everywhere with red splashes.

In the evening, back at the monastery there was community singing, but little or no sign of religious service or ceremony.

Hermione Beaumerk

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Marlborough (Wilts.).—Ailesbury Arms Hotel.
Matlock.—Smedley's Hydro. Tel. 17 (3 lines).
Midhurst.—Spread Eagle Hotel.
Newquay.—Headland Hotel. Tel. Newquay 221.
Ockham.—The Hautboy. Ripley 20.
Oxford.—Mitre Hotel. Tel. 2335 and 3840.
Oxford.—Randolph Hotel. Tel. 2251 (2 lines).
Polzeath (N. Cornwall).—Dorrit Hotel.
Ramsgate.—The Granville
Salisbury.—Old George Hotel. Tel. 3189.
Sanderstead (Surrey).—Selsdon Park Hotel.
Scarborough.—The Grand. 'Phone: 1053.
Sheringham.—Sheringham Hotel.
Sidmouth.—The Torbay Hotel
Stow-on-the-Wold.—Talbot Hotel.
Stratford-on-Avon.—The Arden Hotel.
Stratford-on-Avon.—The William & Mary.
Taunton (Somerset).—Castle Hotel. Tel. 2671.
Torquay.—Grand Hotel.
Torquay.—Headland Hotel.
Torquay.—Roslin Hall Hotel. Tel. 4373 (2 lines)
Torquay.—Templestowe Hotel. Tel. 235811.
Torquay.—The Torquay Hydro Hotel. Tel. 2207.
Torquay.—Lincombe Hall. Tel. 2302.
Torquay.—Palm Court Hotel.
Treyarnon Bay (Cornwall).—Waterbeach Hotel.
Tunbridge Wells.—The Spa Hotel.
Twyford (Berks).—Grove Hall Hotel. Tel. 106.
Washford (Somerset).—Dragon House. Tel. 215.
West Wickham (Kent).—Wickham Court Hotel.
Weymouth.—Royal Hotel. Tels. 627 & 628.
Worthing.—Greystoke Private Hotel. Tel. 991.

GREAT NORTH ROAD

(Figures in brackets show mileage from London)

Catterick (229).—Bridge House Hotel.
Sutton-on-Trent (133¾).—Old England Hotel.

ENGLAND—*continued*

ENGLISH LAKES

Keswick.—Queen's Hotel.
Keswick.—Borrowdale Hotel. Borrowdale 24.
Keswick.—Royal Oak Hotel.

LONDON

Ambassadors Hotel, W.C.1. Tel. Euston 1450
Bailey's Hotel, Gloucester Road, S.W.7.
Bryan House, Blackheath, S.E.3.
Kensington Palace Mansions Htl. W.8. Wes. 812.
S. Kensington Htl., Queen's Gate Terrace, S.W.7.
Stanhope Court Hotel, S. Kensington, S.W.7.
Thackeray Hotel, opposite the British Museum.
United Services Hotel, S.W.7. Tel. Wes. 7131.

SCOTLAND

Aviemore.—Aviemore Hotel.
Braemar.—Fife Arms Hotel.
Callander.—Dreadnought Hotel.
Callander.—Palace Hotel.
Dornoch.—Dornoch Hotel.
Dunblane.—Dunblane Hydro.
Edinburgh.—The Alison Hotel. Tel. 31295.
Edinburgh.—New Carlton Hotel.
Fife.—The Lundin Links Hotel. Tel. 7
Gairloch (Ross-shire).—The Gairloch Hotel.
Galloway.—Southwick House. Tel. Southwick 7.
Gauntown-on-Spey.—Grant Arms Hotel.
Glen o' Dee (Banchory).—Royal Deeside Hotel.
Inverness.—Station Hotel.
Kyle of Lochalsh.—Lochalsh Hotel.
North Berwick.—Marine Hotel.
Oban.—Alexandra Hotel.
Perthshire.—Trossachs Hotel, Loch Katrine.
Perth.—Station Hotel.
Pitlochry.—Atholl Palace Hotel.
Pitlochry.—Pitlochry Hydro.
Rothesay.—Glenburn Hotel.
Skelmorlie.—Skelmorlie Hydro.
Stranraer.—Auld King's Arms.
Tomintoul (Banffshire).—Richmond Arms Htl.
Troon.—Marine Hotel.
Tweedsmuir.—The Crook Inn.

CHANNEL ISLANDS

Jersey.—St. Brelade's Bay Hotel.

WALES

Abergele.—Kinmel Hall.
Anglesey.—Wern Llanddona. Tel. Beaumaris 77.
Conway.—Oakwood Park Hotel.
Llangollen.—The Hand Hotel.
Llandudno.—Imperial Hotel. Facing sea.
Tan-y-bwlch.—Oakley Arms Hotel.

NORTHERN IRELAND

Belfast.—Grand Central Hotel.
Belfast.—Midland Station Hotel (LMS-NCC).
Portrush.—Northern Counties Htl. (LMS-NCC).
Rostrevor.—Great Northern Railway Hotel.

EIRE

Bundoran (Co. Donegal).—Gt. N. (Rly.) Hotel.
Dun Laoghaire (Kingstown).—Ross's Hotel.
Glendalough (Co. Wicklow).—Royal Hotel.
Greenore.—Great Northern Railway Hotel.
Greystones (Co. Wicklow).—Grand Hotel.
Kingstown (Co. Dublin).—Royal Marine Hotel.
Rosapenna (Co. Donegal).—Rosapenna Hotel.

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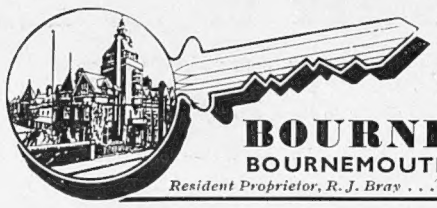

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In Quest of

Some Places in the Cornish Sun-River Region — Romantically

IT is but a few weeks since I wrote in THE SPHERE a general article on Cornwall. This week I want to mention one or two places in more detail. SPHERE readers will have heard before of the Greenbank Hotel at Falmouth, an hotel which many people find one of the most characterful in Cornwall. I have often stayed at the Greenbank, and frequently recommended it, but in spite of its charms it has in the past had one defect, a shortage of lounging space. This has now been put right and in the most satisfactory way possible, for on entering the hotel your eye is now held by a vista of harbour and shipping even more magnificent than was the case before.

The new sun lounge—and it really is a *sun* lounge—is between 60 ft. and 70 ft. long, and seems to be constructed almost entirely of glass. It looks straight down into the waters of the harbour and catches the sun from sunrise to sunset. It is no exaggeration to describe this lounge as one of the most satisfactory pieces of hotel architecture in the West Country, and anybody who has memories of crowded conditions in the Greenbank will do well to come again and sample its delights both old and new.

The Greenbank is an old discovery, but not more than half a dozen miles away from it is a new one which I have recently lighted upon. If you study your map of Cornwall you will find, a little west of Falmouth and on the east bank of the Helford River, the tiny village of Mawnan. Make for it and a new country house hotel called Nansidwell. It is worth your while to go miles out of your way to discover Nansidwell, and I promise you will not be disappointed, unless with the regrettable discovery that there is no room for you to stay until the middle of next winter! For Nansidwell, though not yet open a year, has been full almost the whole time—and small wonder. It is a country estate comprising nearly 100 acres of some of the most beautiful gardens and beaches in Cornwall.

There is accommodation in the hotel for twenty-seven people, and since no casual trade whatever is done (not even afternoon teas are served) the twenty-seven lucky inhabitants have the estate to themselves. To know what this really means you must see the place; I can only say that the terms of 7 or 8 guineas a week at this time of year seem to me to offer an incredibly cheap way of becoming "king of the castle."

Let me remind any of you who may be motoring in the direction of the Helford River within the next few months to stop and discover Nansidwell for yourself. You will probably not be able to stay there at once, but Mr. and Mrs. Pilgrim, the resident proprietors, while sternly and very properly refusing to give you lunch or tea, will almost certainly allow you to look at their magnificent semi-tropical garden.

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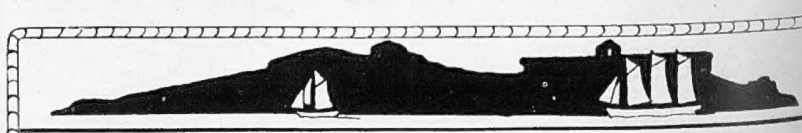

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Good Hotels

By ASHLEY COURTENAY

Discover Nansidwell in the Helford situated Whitesand Bay Hotel

A third place which is especially "desirable"—in the words of the house agent—at this time of year is the Whitesand Bay Hotel at Sennen Cove, near Land's End. At all times of the year Sennen Cove and Whitesand Bay are lovely, but obviously in the height of the summer their proximity to the over populous tourist centre of Land's End makes them crowded. At this time of year and all through May and June they are more than worth discovering.

From the windows of the Whitesand Bay Hotel the clean white sand stretches away for what looks like miles, and the pale blue Atlantic rollers come breaking in, literally covering the dining room windows of the hotel with spray. No hotel in England is more romantically situated than this one; no hotel more adequately preserves an old tradition, which is embodied in its original and centuries-old name of the Success Inn.

And here is a special "news bulletin" from Scotland—this week concerning the Atholl Palace Hotel at Pitlochry, where, as so often in Scottish hotels, much has been going on behind closed doors during the winter. This year the Atholl Palace is reopening a week before Whitsun and, if possible, more attractively than ever before. In the past the laws of Archimedes have always prevented the clear, soft mountain water-supply of the hotel reaching the fourth floor. Now the advance of science has overcome this and whether your room is on the first floor or the fourth it will conform to the latest standards of civilised luxury!

Furthermore, because the lift at the Atholl Palace only reaches to the third floor and because a good many people (who ought to know better) dislike stairs, a small but material reduction in price has been made for the fourth floor . . . to induce you to put up with the stairs. If it seems odd that I should have written so far exclusively about the fourth floor when there is so much to write of, let me defend myself by saying that rooms on this floor in May and June offer about the best bargain in luxury holidays I have ever come across.

For the rest of the hotel the bedroom corridors and the ballroom have been redecorated and relighted, a pleasant improvement, and everything else is up to its usual superlative standard. Recreations are available of all kinds, from free tennis, golf and swimming to sheepdog trials and highland tattoos!

But my space is limited. If you are interested write to the hotel for the 1939 tariff or a useful leaflet entitled Highland Occasions. And for goodness' sake make your reservations early.

Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise "Sphere" readers of hotels, both large and small, known to him personally. Letters should be addressed to him, c/o the Editor, THE SPHERE, *32–34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Personal and telephone inquiries, however, cannot be accepted.*

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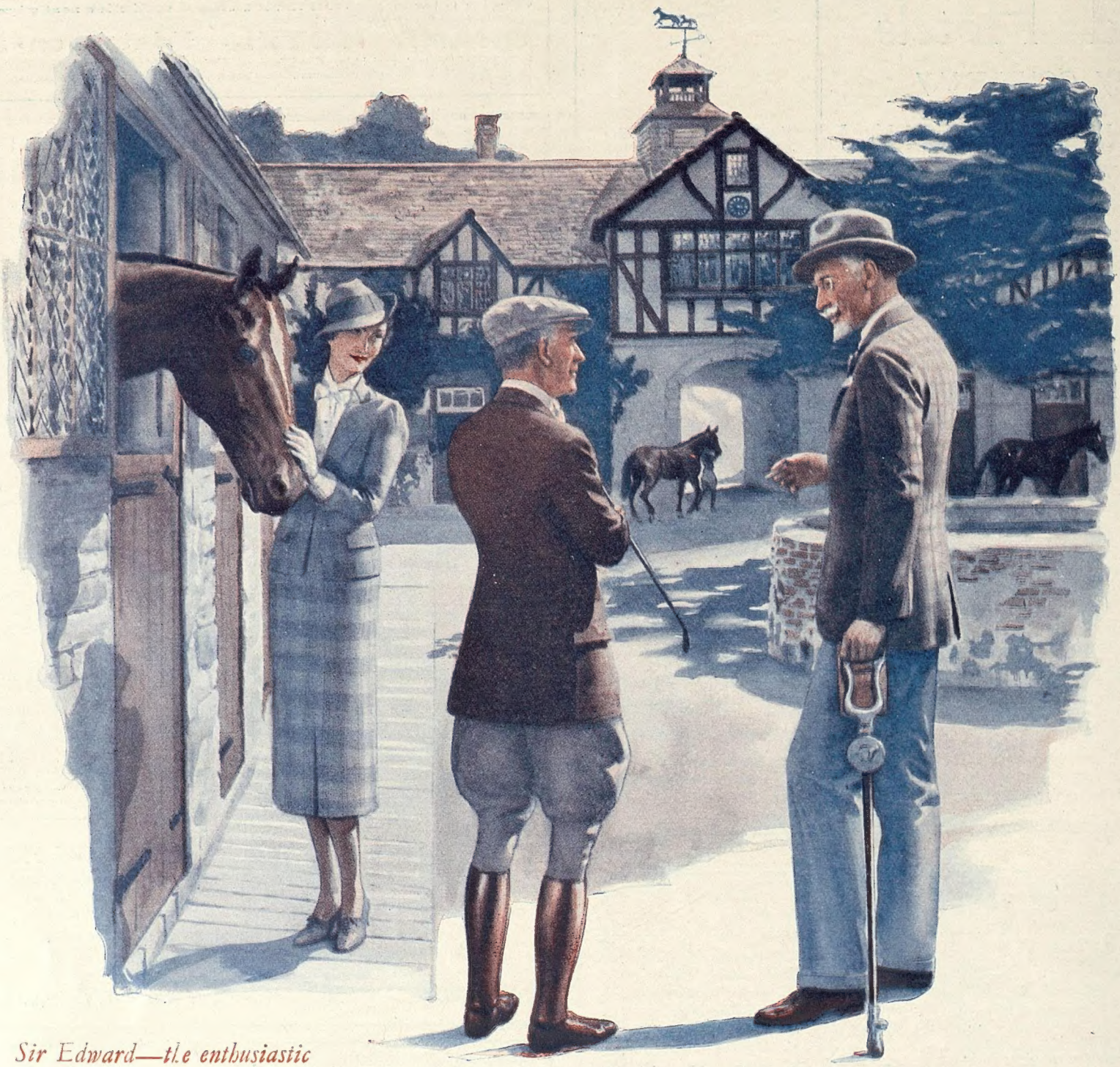

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